JOHN BULL, week ending May 22, 1943

# JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII. 1927

3D EVERY THURSDAY

**ALL BEVERIDGE -AND MORE!** By The EDITOR

**FORGOTTEN MEN OF THE SEA**

**NOW FOR OUR BIGGEST TASK!** by A. G. G.


It isn't you

*(it's your soap-suds)*

that needs

the tonic!

*Use* **MAZO** *tablets to energize the soap-suds and they do the hard work for you*

**MAZO** is something new in washing aids! MAZO is what even the best soap needs—a tonic to make the suds more energetic, more searching, more cleansing. It does not matter whether you use soap, flakes, or powder, MAZO will give it tremendous extra cleansing activity, will multiply its suds and make them act quicker, easier, better. No rubbing, no scrubbing, no hard work—MAZO energized soap-suds do all that for you.

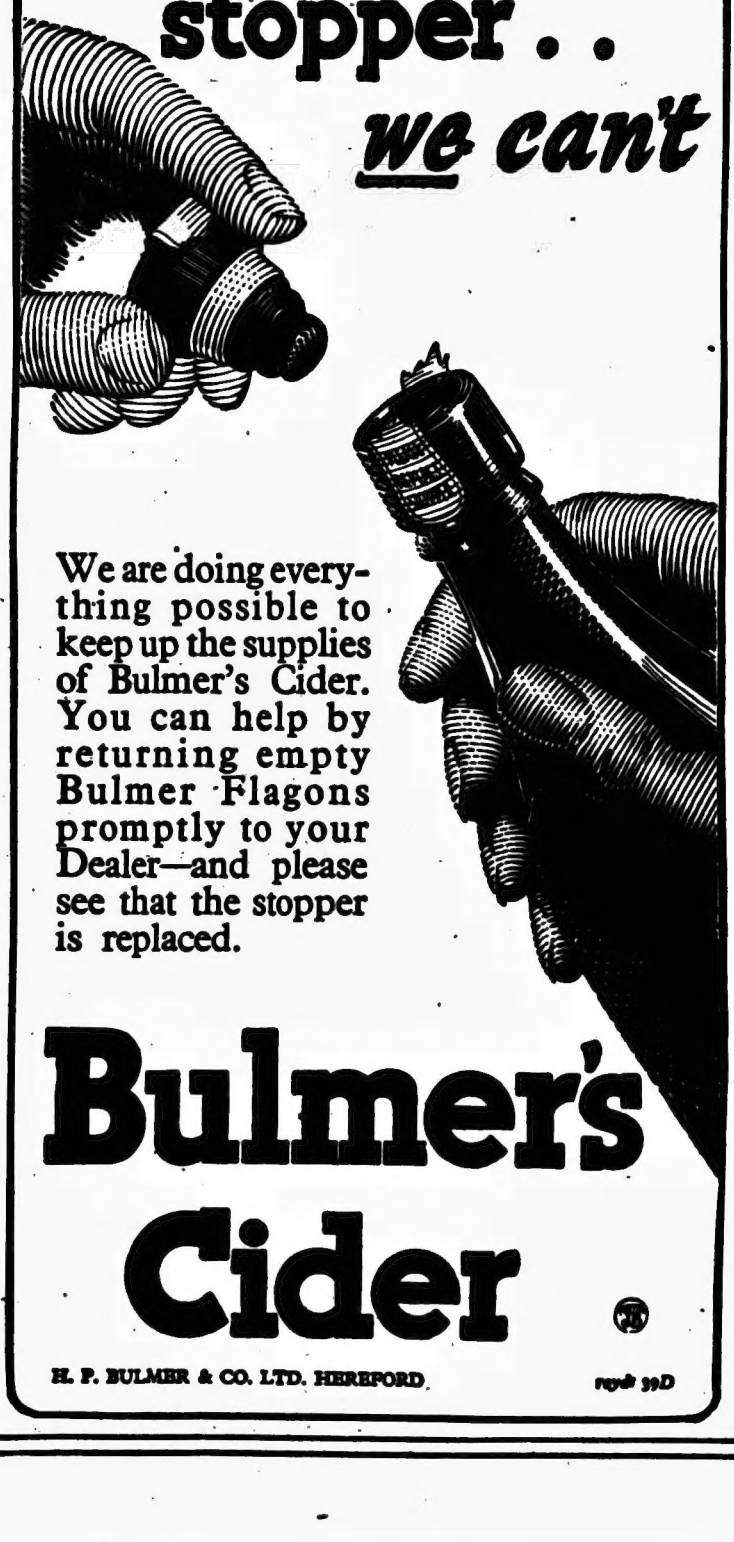
**MAZO Soap Energizing Tablets**

*Three 3d packets, each of 5 tablets, for 1 coupon*

MZ 91A-541-68

*Selling Agents:* T. H. HARRIS & SONS LTD., LONDON, E.15

You can replace the stopper . . *we can't*



We are doing everything possible to keep up the supplies of Bulmer's Cider. You can help by returning empty Bulmer Flagons promptly to your Dealer—and please see that the stopper is replaced.

**Bulmer's Cider**

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD. HEREFORD

royal 39D

# THIS IS YOUR TRADE MARK

## for equitable trading

Nobody makes a profit under the co-operative trading system: surpluses are returned to customers in the form of dividend. The goods themselves are honest goods: they are made by workers who are given fair conditions of labour. When shortages occur (as they will in war-time) what is available is fairly shared by co-operators.

*Issued by the* CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GN 1607 P

Make Life BRIGHTER by taking

VIRONITA

(pronounced *Vyro-night-a*)

This great restorative is so pleasant and so beneficial that three half wine-glasses a day each will fill all your family with radiant health. Suitable for children or adults. Non-alcoholic.

*Of all chemists and stores.*
5/3 *large bottle,*
3/3 *small size.*

H. CALLENDER & CO. Mfg. Chemists, Goole, Yorks.

# FOOD FACTS

*Here's a recipe for a delicious, easy-to-make salad that will tempt the whole family!*

## SHROPSHIRE SALAD

Shropshire Salad tastes even more delightful than it sounds!

Begin by lining your salad bowl with greenstuffs. You can use lettuce, or finely shredded raw cabbage, and sprigs of watercress. Spinach can also be used, shredded raw (naturally, you'll be sure it's absolutely clean first).

All these greens are rich in vitamins and minerals. But cabbage, watercress and spinach are particularly rich in the important Vitamin C, which we're missing at present from fresh fruit. *Raw* vegetables are especially valuable because the Vitamin C is partly reduced by cooking.

Pile in the centre of the greens a mixture of diced cooked potatoes, made as follows: Boil 1½ lb. of potatoes in their skins, allow to cool, peel and cut into squares. Then mix in a bowl with salad dressing (see recipe below), chopped mint and chopped chives or spring onions. Arrange a border of cooked diced carrots, beetroots or swedes round the potato.

### Home-made Salad Cream

This salad cream is easily made. You require: 2 heaped tablespoons dried milk; 1 level teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon mustard; 2-3 shakes pepper; 2 tablespoons malt vinegar; 1 tablespoon water.

Mix all the dry ingredients, add the vinegar and water and beat to a smooth creamy consistency. Serve at once.

*A SALAD ~~An apple~~ a day keeps the doctor away*

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT EVERY MORNING AT 8.15

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 149

*If at first you don't succeed, ask again for*

## FAMILY HEALTH SOAP

2d PER TABLET (1 coupon)

*does its job against germs in the home*

GH 88 - 861 JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

## FLU GONE!

## KORAY KILLS PAIN QUICKER

At the first sign of 'Flu or a cold take KORAY. Take the little pink tablets at night—preferably with a hot drink—and you will be better by morning. Keep KORAY handy always.

5 TABLETS 3½d., 10 TABLETS 7d. (INCLUDING TAX)

*Give your teeth a shine with* Gibbs DENTIFRICE

IN HANDY *battledress* REFILLS

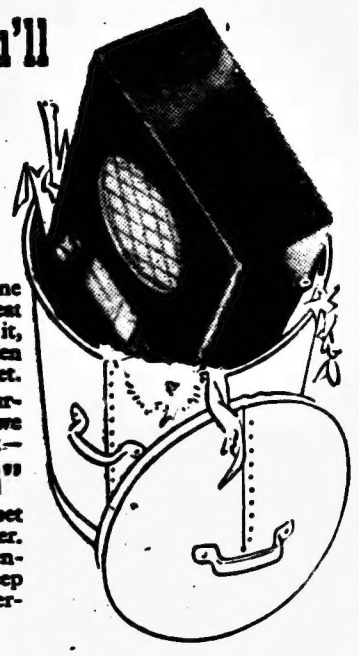
7d

LARGE SIZE REFILL 11½d (Including Purchase Tax)

SAVE METAL

B. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON E.C.4 GD 235A

## STOP . . . LOOK . . . and maybe you'll LISTEN



Too many radio sets have gone dumb, and there's not a great deal anyone can do about it, at least until the fighting men have had *their* radio needs met. We must try to look after ourselves more—that is why we have produced the little book—

**"KEEP IT GOING"**

to help you to keep your set (whatever the make) in order. It won't make a wireless engineer of you but it may keep a set going that would otherwise be silent.

Price 6d. from all

## MURPHY DEALERS

*If your Murphy Dealer has closed or you are unable to locate him, please write direct to Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.*

C.R.C.108


# JOHN

*Thursday, for week ending*
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Tele

*"Come the three corners of*
*And we shall shock them;*
*If England to itself do rest*

## traight from the Shoulder

# WHERE

T is good that President and Prime Minister should meet again to discuss fateful moves on the bloodstained chessard of war.

Still better that, for the first time, eir consultations should have ncided with an overwhelming lled victory.

### tonishing Total

t would be a poor heart that could rejoice at the vast and almost indible results of a campaign which changed the whole course of the r.

No one need apologise for feeling ud at the whirlwind sweep of our es, the safeguarding of an entire ntinent, and the capture of more than 000 prisoners—including seventeen nerals—a thousand guns, and supes of titanic immensity.

### e Presses

But we shall not gloat. Most of us too deeply aware of the greater deals yet to be endured, too impatient for their commencement, to rest on our laurels.

**There is, indeed, a general desire that e Washington conference will be edily followed by an onslaught on e enemy's main stronghold.**

**It is not likely that we shall be appointed.**

### Our Heels

Already our terrific "softening up" ocess is being waged by the biggest force ever assembled. But the Axis not our only enemy. Another—old ther Time—is at our heels.

Remember that the Allies landed in rth Africa last November. The sablanca meeting was held in nuary.

Now it is nearly June—half-year—and t many months of good fighting ather remain for the most important sablanca decisions to be implemented. sides, the third summer campaign in ssia should make us resolve that this where we intervene in Europe!

### 000,000 Germans

Germany claims to have 3,000,000 men the Eastern Front. The true figure nnot be much less.

## VICAR KILLED WHILE

*While the Rev. J. F. L. Orton, Vicar of St. Th fire watcher during a recent raid, he was instant In acknowledging "John Bull's" cheque his*
GREAT HELP AS I HAVE LOST BOTH MY

**"John Bull" offers free to every Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F. RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOY Household Benefits.**

Readers who have not already registered "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128,

# JOHN BULL

*Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 22, 1943, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.*


*"Come the three corners of the world in arms,*
*And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue*
*If England to itself do rest but true."*

## H.G. FARCE

**● The Home Guard duty at Buckingham Palace has been reduced to a farce.**

**All the men chosen were six-footers. They were given intensive drill by Guards N.C.Os and were specially equipped for the occasion—even to the point of getting uniforms which fit!**

**It was certainly a grand idea to let the H.G.s take a turn at mounting guard at the Palace; all the more regrettable, therefore, that it should have been spoiled by high officers who obviously had a larger sense of pomp than imagination.**

**Instead of a special "spit-and-polish" squad most people would have preferred to see a genuinely representative section of citizen soldiers.**

**For the Home Guard remains a citizen force—a part-time organisation of men trained as soldiers to defend this country against invasion. Not as experts at ceremonial drill!**

**Aren't they good enough to do sentry-go?**

**traight from the Shoulder**

# WHERE WE COME IN

T is good that President and Prime Minister should meet again to discuss fateful moves on the bloodstained chessard of war.

Still better that, for the first time, eir consultations should have ncided with an overwhelming ied victory.

### onishing Total

t would be a poor heart that could rejoice at the vast and almost incdible results of a campaign which changed the whole course of the r.

o one need apologise for feeling ud at the whirlwind sweep of our ces, the safeguarding of an entire ntinent, and the capture of more than ,000 prisoners—including seventeen erals—a thousand guns, and supes of titanic immensity.

### e Presses

But we shall not gloat. Most of us too deeply aware of the greater deals yet to be endured, too imtient for their commencement, to rest on our laurels.

**There is, indeed, a general desire that Washington conference will be edily followed by an onslaught on enemy's main stronghold.**

**It is not likely that we shall be appointed.**

### Our Heels

Already our terrific "softening up" ocess is being waged by the biggest force ever assembled. But the Axis not our only enemy. Another—old ther Time—is at our heels.

Remember that the Allies landed in rth Africa last November. The sablanca meeting was held in nuary.

Now it is nearly June—half-year—and t many months of good fighting ather remain for the most important sablanca decisions to be implemented. sides, the third summer campaign in ssia should make us resolve that this where we intervene in Europe!

### 000,000 Germans

Germany claims to have 3,000,000 men the Eastern Front. The true figure nnot be much less.

*There may be a last tremendous and terrible thrust towards Moscow and Stalingrad.*

### Massed Guns

It may be forestalled by a shrewd Soviet offensive—as the mounting attacks by the Red Air Force tend to suggest.

It will certainly be countered by superior Russian artillery, which is being used on the same massed scale as we employed at El Alamein.

None the less, the strain on the Soviet Union will be terrific.

### Stalemate

Farther East—in Burma—stalemate has been reached.

**There we forgot the lessons of Malaya. We pulled our punch. We allowed ourselves to be outflanked by the familiar Japanese method of infiltration. We were assaulted by another enemy—malaria.**

So now we are back to where we started.

### Wavell in Washington

Our campaign has come to naught.

Once again Wavell was expected to make a show out of nothing—and miracles seldom happen twice.

His presence in the Prime Minister's party is a welcome realisation of JOHN BULL's recent advice.

As a result, let us hope the next Burma campaign will be marked both by speed and maximum power.

### Great War Base

For there must be another Burma campaign. To "winkle out" the Japs from all the Pacific islands they have captured would take ten years or more.

We must strike at Japan itself. And the shortest route is by Burma and China. Hence we must build up in India a series of great bases where will be stored all the overwhelming power we shall need; power to be used not in droplets but in a sudden swift flood.

### Grand Rehearsal

By that method, the last stage of the Tunisian campaign was won. It also provided a first-class rehearsal in unified strategy and unified tactics—a rehearsal that should soon be followed by the opening of the great drama in Europe.

Now, in North Africa, we are rehearsing the relief and reconstruction measures we shall have to operate on a bigger scale for Occupied Europe.

### Small Parts

As Lord Woolton has made clear, we are taking food to the hungry people of North Africa and receiving the raw materials of war in exchange.

But there is yet no sign of the *real* United Nations organisation which JOHN BULL has advocated and which will undoubtedly be necessary, though useful talks have taken place in London between Governor Lehman and Sir Frederick Leith-Ross.

### Prisoners of War

Wisely, however, some of the German troops captured in Tunisia may be sent to the United States. We shall take them to the food instead of taking the food to them; it is easier to spare space on the western voyage across the Atlantic than on the eastern trip.

As for the Italians, suitable men may be employed on the land, and others may go to Palestine, Irak and Iran.

### Bombing and Morale

Will their relatives in Italy collapse and capitulate under the stress of Allied air bombardment?

Such an assumption would be foolish. We know from our own experience that bombing makes people angry. Angry people do not beg for mercy. They fight with new determination.

### Ready to Strike!

Certainly we should be wise not to underrate the possibility of a quick German effort to neutralise our recent victories.

**Some 60 German divisions are still massed along the Spanish frontier. A blow at Gibraltar's back door is not unlikely. Its main object would be to create another diversion in order to gain time and lock up the Allied forces.**

### Need for Speed

Hence there is another reason for speed. Speed in completing the task of opening the Mediterranean, speed in beginning the ordeal of invading Europe!

We have the materials. We have the men. We are within sight of mastering the U-boat. We have powerful bases.

### Iron Ring

From the Middle East and Cyprus we can spring at Crete and the Balkans. From Algeria and Tunisia we can reach out to Sardinia, Sicily, to Italy itself.

From Britain it is but a score of miles to the Continent. From Iceland we are halfway to Norway.

### More Talks

All the free world must therefore hope that the Washington conference will yield a quick dividend.

Lesser lights are simultaneously concerned in talks concerned with the peace.

In a month or two Britain and the U.S.A. may discuss civil air problems—the first step towards a prevention of cut-throat competition which might well breed international jealousies, suspicions and war-making resentments.

### Facing the Issue

At home, the subject of State and industry has been fairly presented by a man whose reputation grows with every speech he makes—Herbert Morrison.

He puts the issue squarely and insistently before us. But he need not worry that the public will shirk it.

### The Choice

The people of Britain are ready to decide between a liberty that would enable *everyone* to share the good things of life—and that miscalled liberty which would enable the vested interests to wax fatter while most of us grew leaner.

**Indeed, the people have already made the choice. That is why they demand the speedy and full acceptance of the Beveridge Plan!**

### Pensions Parsimony

They will be disappointed in the new Pensions and Determination of Needs Bill.

**It will offer no help to childless widows. Thus many of the older women will have to seek help from the Poor Law!**

Moreover, this grudging fragment of "temporary Beveridge" does not increase the basic pension rates—a reform for which JOHN BULL will continue to campaign.

### Labour Split

So we look like seeing another melancholy split in the ranks of Labour, where many members would rather have no changes at all than accept the miserly increases offered by this new Bill.

A Bill which, we predict, will make most people feel both melancholy and mad!

### Out-of-Heel

Again, there is the almost general condemnation of the new Town and Country Planning Bill—which JOHN BULL was the first to criticise.

Enlightened M.P.s have contemptuously described it as "a miserable sprat," "a tattered and out-of-heel measure which might have been acceptable if it had been put forward two years ago."

**In these two years, the public's attitude towards the problems of both war and the peace to follow has hardened. Our leaders would be wise to realise the fact.**

*(Continued overleaf)*


## VICAR KILLED WHILE FIRE WATCHING

*While the Rev. J. F. L. Orton, Vicar of St. Thomas's, Sunderland, was on duty as a fire watcher during a recent raid, he was instantly killed by blast from a heavy bomb. In acknowledging "John Bull's" cheque his widow writes:* "IT WILL BE A GREAT HELP AS I HAVE LOST BOTH MY HUSBAND AND OUR HOME."

**"John Bull" offers free to every civilian reader, including Fire-Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc., A FREE AIR RAID POLICY (Underwritten at LLOYD'S) as well as comprehensive Household Benefits.**

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

## STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Continued from preceding page

THE lesser Government speakers kept to the old recipe again at the week-end. A spoonful of treacly confidence; a dash of caution; promises of social improvement according to taste; flavouring from the latest war news; the whole well stirred in a lecture on our manpower difficulties.

### Snubbed for Trying

That's a recipe we're all pretty tired of. JOHN BULL's letter bag shows that. "I'm writing to you as I'm sick to death of hearing about the shortage of workers," says one reader who can't get a full-size job.

Another—a woman—has filled in all the Government forms at the Employment Exchange. Still workless after many months, she wrote three letters to Mr. Bevin. And was heartily snubbed by the local authorities for her enthusiasm.

### Squandered Effort

**For the third week running, waste of man- and woman-power has disturbed our correspondents more than anything else.**

**That's why we're sticking to the subject and printing some more of the worst cases of squandered effort. They won't be ignored!**

### His Early Start

A Merchant Navy man returned on leave to his home in the West Country. He found his parents had a lodger—a man who'd come for three months' work on aerodrome construction and stayed ten months.

All that time his sixty-four-year-old mother had been getting up at 5.45 a.m. so that her lodger could be ready when the big motor coach came to take him to the job.

### For Nothing

This wouldn't have been so bad if the man had not announced that at the aerodrome there wasn't a thing for him to do—except go for walks in the woods all day long. It wasn't his fault. The foreman didn't seem to mind.

The Merchant Seaman does; his letter to us is no more indignant than the scandalous time-wasting deserves.

# Idling—By Order . . . Hovel for Nine . . . On Goebbels' Side . . .

### Going to their Heads

While things like this are going on, farmers are crying out for workers *and being turned out* if they don't get them.

Some of the War Agricultural Committees are letting their powers go to their heads. A Midland farmer has been given notice to quit on the grounds that he can't run his place satisfactorily.

### Seeds of Ruin

He put his life savings into a stock farm in 1939 when the Government didn't bother about the land.

When the County Committees came along he was ordered to plough more. He could get no labour, so the local Committee fixed up some workers for him. They arrived too late, sowed in December what they should have sowed in October.

### Couldn't Pay

The harvest was bad. The farmer couldn't pay the Committee. Though he and his wife have worked like slaves they were treated like lazy criminals at the inquiry.

One of the reasons why they couldn't get workers was because they couldn't provide anywhere decent to live.

### One Up, One Down

Despite all the high-sounding talk these days, housing is worse than ever in the country.

In Biggleswade, Bedfordshire, an ex-soldier, discharged from the Army last summer, has had to live in a couple of dilapidated cottages each with one room up and one down.

### With the Rats

**He, his wife and their seven children share these shocking hovels with the rats. The vermin have gnawed their bedclothes, and eat any food that isn't put in a box on the table.**

**In one of the upstairs rooms the ex-soldier's five girls sleep. The eldest is seventeen, the youngest not quite two. His two boys have the other upstairs room and he and his wife have to sleep downstairs.**

### Influence Needed

There's very little glass in the windows and the rain comes through the roofs.

"But," as the father says, "looking for a house in Biggleswade is hopeless—unless you've got influence."

There's something wrong at the Ministry of Health when they can allow conditions like this and at the same time start a nation-wide check up on the people's fitness.

### Let Them See Red

Very soon now the Ministry will be sending out mobile units to take blood tests all over the country.

Of course, the idea is a good one and everyone ought to co-operate and volunteer for a test. Two drops of blood, taken painlessly from your ear lobe, can tell the doctors a lot.

Health deterioration in any special area or among any section of the population can be traced and treated if everybody helps.

### This Tommy Rot

Another thing that all our readers can do to help just now is to refuse to tolerate, without a challenge, any statement that's obviously grown out of Goebbels' trickery.

It's more than ever important, as we've got so many Americans among us.

### Two-Faced

Since our article showing how German-inspired rumours ran down the British to the Americans and the Americans to the British, correspondents have sent in fresh examples.

**These have been a help to both the British and American authorities.**

Meanwhile, listeners to enemy broadcasts have gathered new instances of Nazi two-facedness.

### "Bigger the Lie . . .

On April 1 America was told that Lease-Lend to Britain was ruining the United States. Eleven days later we were told that Lease-Lend was impoverishing us, crushing both our domestic and export trade.

### . . . the Better"

On April 7 the Americans were told that there was only a handful of British in the Eighth Army.

Within a few days we were told we were suffering terrific losses, but "there was no information on the subject of American losses."

### For Quarrellers

That's the sort of game the Nazis play. Maybe you think it's too crude, that no one could possibly be taken in.

They can. Constant repetition of an idea affects some people. And unfortunately the German propaganda provides fine material for the man who always likes to be contrary in a discussion.

Watch out for the type—and see he doesn't get away with Goebbels' game.

### Without Comment

You'd think that some of our own Government officials weren't above giving the enemy a hand.

Here's an example of economy methods which needs no comment.

*A demolition worker at Coventry applied for transfer to his home town on the N.E. coast after it had been bombed. He was refused, but some of his workmates went. And his own house was repaired by one of those workmates—who lives in the South of England.*

## BEHIND THE NEWS

● A British army has been trained in ski and mountain warfare in the Lebanon mountains. Will fight in the second stage of invasion operation which may bring the British Forces to the snow-covered mountain ranges around Germany.

● **The British ski-troops have been trained by Major Riddel, ex-British ski champion.**

● *Nazi leaders now realise that they cannot win the war. But they are also convinced that they cannot lose it.*

● They are confident of splitting the Allies and thus avoiding military defeat. So we'll hope that the United Nations governments will be on their guard!

● **Moreover, despite recent events in Tunisia and Russia, the bulk of German troops in Europe show no sign of nerve-cracking. Their morale remains good.**

● *Latest captures of newest German war material both in Russia and Africa show that quality is seriously deteriorating. It is now certain, too, that R.A.F. raids have cancelled out plans to increase production.*

● **Axis propaganda is trying to exploit the fact that Milan station was not destroyed, but doesn't say that destruction of approaches has left only one workable line for "A" priority traffic.**

● **Less than 15 per cent. of 1939 Luftwaffe combat pilots are surviving to-day, and only about 5 per cent. are on flying duties. These are ordered never to fight but to act as "elder brothers" to encourage new recruits.**

● *Japs have begun rice and sugar rationing in Java and other producing countries—its own exposure of Jap failure to secure co-operation of natives to maintain former output.*

● **The drug "M and B" is one of the world's finest medical discoveries. In comparison the Army treatment "M and D" recently had very poor results.**

**"M and D" was prescribed for Rifleman William C. Clayton on March 11 last. He died of advanced tuberculosis in a detention camp on March 17.**

**"M and D" means "medicine and duty."**

### Still Exclusive

A different sort of waste is going on near a big aircraft works in the North-West—waste of accommodation. Ordinary people, travelling to the factory on business, find it almost impossible to get a room for the night in the district.

**Some have had to use petrol to go twenty miles away for a bed.**

**But within a few minutes' walk of the works there is a big house that's never full.**

**It is a luxurious place reserved exclusively for one or two Ministry of Aircraft Production officials.**

### Darned Tricky!

The coupon-free sock pedlar is about. He's been busy in the London suburbs lately.

Look out for a jolly-faced man about sixty-five who offers best quality socks from his attaché-case at 3s. a pair.

You'll get the socks without coupons all right—but they'll be second-hand, neatly darned.

### Clothes Racket

And look out, too, for the cheap-jack tailor and cleaner who's sprung up through the clothing shortage. He'll undertake any repairs for you: "undertake" is the right word, because the life of your clothes will be over when he's done his job.

### And No Redress

A woman reader was caught recently by this sort of trader. He locked the shop door when she complained about a ruined coat. She had to pay 7s. 6d. before he'd let her out.

There's nothing much to do about this sort of thing unless you're prepared to bear the cost of going to law.

*Moral is only to go to shops that were established and doing a fair trade before the war boost came—or to shops recommended by satisfied customers.*

### In the "Snug"

Scene: The snug bar in the station pub at Rishton, Lancs. The regulars are listening to one of their pals on leave from the Army. They're old soldiers and they like to hear what's going on now. . . .

They've talked about Army food, and the sergeant. Now it's about leave.

### Without Leave

"You're all right this time," says the man in the corner. "Last time I was called up with the eighteens and they were drafting us to France without any 'embarkation.' Lots of lads went out without seeing home, and never came back.

"Then a crowd of us got together and wrote to JOHN BULL about it. There was a row and we got our leave."

### Still Their Friend

A stranger in the opposite corner said nothing. He knew that JOHN BULL is the soldier's friend to-day just as it was twenty-five years ago. He knew because he's the writer of these notes.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

By the EDITOR

# ALL BEVERIDGE—AND MORE!

"SOCIAL SECURITY" puts a tremendous national objective into two words. But when words become political slogans it is easy to lose sight of their true meaning.

Sir William Beveridge is the father of this country's first big-scale social security programme.

It is important to note, however, that Sir William would not have been satisfied even if the Government had adopted his plans in full instead of whittling them down.

He wants more than the Beveridge Report asked for.

**So does JOHN BULL—much more. We are campaigning for nothing less than the abolition of want, ignorance, squalor and preventable disease in these islands.**

Lord Geddes, speaking the other day in the Lords on the subject of Britain's "Submerged Tenth," called for a General Staff of Health to civilise our "cultural orphans."

But we need more than that. We must cut deep to reach the roots of the malignant growth in the social-economic body of this community.

We doubt whether it is yet generally realised that Lord Geddes' "cultural orphans"—the men, women, and children condemned to live in dirt, poverty and dire ignorance in our mean streets—are actually the orphans of the economic storm which has been ravaging our land ever since the industrial revolution.

Or that it will take another "revolution" to restore them to health and happiness.

Lord Latham contends that we must abolish the slums and end overcrowding to remedy this great social ill.

So, of course, we must, but *still* it is not enough.

REHOUSING to a noble and national plan is the essential *preliminary* to the salvage of the Submerged Tenth; it cannot by itself restore them to useful and contented membership of the community.

Mr. Herbert Morrison is aware of this. His proposed "Charter of Motherhood" would carry JOHN BULL's programme nearer to fulfilment.

But only nearer—not all the way.

A charter of this kind, implying adequate family allowances and a great increase in the number of nursery schools, is vitally necessary, not only to the "uncivilised" mothers of the slums, but also to those of the elastic "middle class," which includes millions of "the decent poor."

**These form the great majority of our total population. They are well-behaved and their clothes are respectable. They do not seek charity and they get little sympathy.**

Nevertheless, judged by modern standards, they are bitterly poor. They have no margin for comfort. They cannot bring up children decently except by cruel self-sacrifice.

And that is undoubtedly one of the reasons, if not the main reason, for the low British birth-rate which the Home Secretary views rightly as the gravest of national problems.

We do not suggest that parents would have larger families merely because they were better able to afford them.

*But we assert emphatically that the fear of poverty must and does discourage parenthood.*

Let those who hope for a better Britain after the war and believe in its possibility face the following inescapable facts:

(1) We *must* have a National Health Service such as will provide the best possible attention and the most expert advice to every citizen, rich or poor.

The Government is to announce its considered policy on this question within the next few months.

We shall support that policy, or criticise it, exactly in proportion to its "universality." We want the poorest of the poor to have an unquestionable right to the best medical care.

(2) We *must* abolish the slums and end overcrowding.

This cannot be done without replanning Great Britain. As we have stressed repeatedly, it is useless to leave this vast problem to local authorities.

It cannot be solved without central control. If the Government means business, it *must* take powers for the compulsory purchase of all the land and property it may need in the public interest.

And as an earnest of its good intentions, we emphasise that it should immediately adopt the principles of the Scott and Uthwatt reports, which have been under consideration for months past and would, in fact, supply a workable basis for the desired reforms.

(3) We *must* provide equal educational opportunity to every child in the country.

This will mean raising the school-leaving age as soon as possible to sixteen; providing for continuation studies up to at least eighteen; vastly increasing scholarship opportunities for the universities and technical colleges, *and* providing enough nursery schools to cater for all the little children in the country.

**It will also mean a great recruitment of new teachers and the raising of the teaching standard itself until this vitally important profession is given the recognition—and the pay—it deserves.**

(4) We *must* relieve poverty wherever it exists. We must cease to think in terms of mere pounds, shillings and pence, and take as our minimum standard a scale of living which permits reasonable *happiness* to the individual.

This may mean a general raising of pension rates and must mean the end of the Means Test.

For we have had more than enough of niggling concessions and piecemeal benefits and allowances, grudgingly accorded long after the need for them has become obvious to everybody.

(5) We *must* have family allowances generous enough to relieve parenthood of its present burdens.

All these things are *minimum* requirements for the great social-economic reforms for which JOHN BULL is working.

Beware the Diehard objections that if we give greater benefits to the people we shall be merely throwing our money away.

Distrust the Lord Crofts and kindred reactionaries who are already arguing that all these "*so-called*" social reforms will condemn the whole country to perpetually high taxation.

Everything worth while in life has got to be paid for in one way or another, and we have long passed the stage when solemn old fools would seriously argue that it was useless to provide the poor with baths because, if they were given them, they would use them only to store coals.

TO-DAY, the least progressive of our politicians may resist, but dare not sneer at proposals to fit refrigerators in the humblest homes.

We realise that the Government alone is incapable of bringing about the social revolution we desire.

It must be supported by the will of the people; it must be financed by the general public, and, as Mr. Morrison has wisely pointed out, it cannot be achieved without a larger measure of State control of sectional monopolies.

Lord Geddes came to the conclusion that our "cultural orphans" are woefully ignorant of their own country, and yet that they know "*in an extraordinary way*" about Russia.

Actually, they know little enough even about Russia, and there is nothing "extraordinary" in whatever knowledge they may possess. They were simply fascinated to hear of a great social experiment which attempted, with varying degrees of success, to give the "common man" a fair chance in life.

**We do not want to follow any particular model. All we desire is to rebuild our own country after our own fashion until it becomes a land free from want and free from care—the very home of the larger freedom upon which we are now staking all we hold dear.**

## New Night of the Long Knives

LITTLE has been heard about the "night of long knives" which followed the Allies' entry into Tunis.

No doubt the occupying forces quickly restored order and prevented an indiscriminate massacre of everyone suspected of Fascist sympathies.

* * *

But within a few hours quite a lot of quislings had their accounts settled by the infuriated populace.

There is always a danger, however, that such situations are misused by unscrupulous people for settling private accounts under the pretence of political punishment.

The case of Tunis is of general interest, because it gives a foretaste of what will happen throughout Europe—first in Axis-occupied countries, later in the Axis countries themselves.

What seems to me the most relevant fact, as a lesson for the future is that the men on the top are always the first to escape.

For they are the first to get the news of approaching peril; they have the best "connections" and the means for fleeing in time.

Therefore, Admiral Esteva, the white-bearded Resident-General, who was the French Quisling No. 1 in Tunisia, got away by 'plane with German help before the local patriots or the Allied Forces could take care of him

A pity, for that man is responsible for all the dead in the unnecessary Tunisian campaign.

Ignoring President Roosevelt's direct appeal to him on the eve of the Allied landings on November 8, 1942, he chose to obey the orders of Pétain and Laval.

He rounded up all Gaullist elements who had escaped his previous persecutions, and, far from opposing the German-Italian landings, helped the enemies of France so intensely that they were able to repel the advancing spearheads of the First Army at the gates of Bizerta and Tunis and to gain for the Axis nearly six precious months

* * *

Now he has gone out scot-free, and with him (presumably) all the other important Vichy traitors.

While their accounts are not yet settled, they are by no means closed: these men will not escape the arm of national and international justice for ever.

Unfortunately, what happened in Tunis is likely to be repeated in the early days of any Allied landing on the Continent.

Only the "small game" quislings, the third- and fourth-rate accomplices, will be left behind to face popular fury.

* * *

There may be a good deal of injustice in that. Yet it implies a salutary lesson to all it may concern.

For without this scum of minor tools and accomplices the main quislings could never have carried out their sinister tasks.

It is all for the good if the little traitors—the local police officers, the Fascist bosses in districts and villages, the servile judges and the ordinary fanatics—learn in time the lesson of Tunis and realise that they, too, will be left in the lurch by the men on the top when the hour strikes.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

## Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P., Minister of Production

DEAR SIR,—It pains me to learn that absenteeism—that bogey of all Ministers whose job it is to maintain the flow of vital war supplies to our fighting fronts—is still a pressing problem in our factories and workshops.

**Every day in Britain, 5,000,000 working hours are lost to the war effort because of absenteeism.**

**Much of this is due to sickness and accidents, but some of it is avoidable.**

**In a number of cases, bad working conditions may be to blame; in others, under-employment due to inefficient management is the cause.**

Unhappily, facts reaching me to-day suggest that some officers in war production plants are creating a good deal of unrest among workers because of the summary way in which they are bringing prosecutions for absenteeism and lateness in arrival.

Heavy fines, it appears, are not acting as a check.

That is a matter for concern. But what concerns me more deeply is the fact that many of these recent cases should never have reached the courts if there had been efficient welfare officers in the plants concerned, instead of people playing the rôle of entertainments managers or song pluggers.

Now this is where you come in.

Welfare means welfare. Are all the welfare officers employed by big firms doing their jobs properly?

Do they realise that quite a number of cases of absenteeism are due to home or domestic troubles?

And do they appreciate that their primary task is to smooth out those troubles?

Men and women tending the machines are human. And being human they have their weaknesses, even as you and I.

Impress this fact on all the firms engaged on war production. Insist that their welfare officers be versed in the ways of understanding and tolerance.

As guides, counsellors and friends they can do much to bring harmony and more efficient production to our war plants.—JOHN BULL.

*He's doing his utmost to step up production. But are private welfare workers scaling it down?*

# OPEN LETTERS

## The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, Lambeth Palace

YOUR GRACE,—You told the Christian Evidence Society recently that a word constantly in modern use was frustration. "Contemplate," you said, "the great and growing fact of suburbia which is especially characterised by a sense of this aimlessness of life."

But do you really believe that frustration—I prefer the term unrest—is likely to be in greater evidence than it was before the war?

Millions of men and women in this country and abroad are looking forward with wide-eyed hope to the day when they can resume normal home life.

All they want is a decent house, a bit of garden, a job, a family.

These are material things. Of their spiritual needs I cannot write.

But I should imagine that they will want more kindness, more tolerance, and more decency in the Britain they are fighting for and working for.

**You, as a great humanitarian, are not unaware of the trend of thought in this country. And I think you will agree with me that most "frustration" is born of social injustice and degradation.**

Here is a vast field of endeavour for the Christian workers of to-morrow.—JOHN BULL.

## Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, M.P., Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—There are misguided idiots in this country who would like to see the Press so shackled and controlled that it would become merely the subservient echo of the voice of its governmental master.

You are not one of them. Instead, you declare that our free Press has been a great asset to the nation in war, and that you would not be without it for worlds.

I blush for my fellow-scribes—all the members of that unknown army of sub-editors, reporters, leader writers, who must for ever work unsung and unpublicised.

They are good fellows, doing a difficult job as well as they know how. And though it may seem presumptuous for me to thank you on their behalf, yet I do so because they are too modest to express gratitude themselves.—JOHN BULL.

## General FRANCO, Leader of the Spanish Empire

DEAR CAUDILLO,—Once again you are flying the kite of peace, and once again—this time from Mr. Eden—you have been told that the Allies are not interested in any attempt at mediation and that our terms are unconditional surrender.

You say now that the war has reached a stage where neither belligerent has the power to destroy its opponent and that you consider it senseless to delay peace.

That is an ironic commentary on the smashing Allied victory in Tunis. But it is natural that you should be worried when your friends and protectors have been so soundly trounced.

I wonder what your thoughts in terms of peace were when Hitler seemed to have victory in his grasp.

I don't recall any peace moves on your part when Britain stood alone against the might of the Axis; nor any dismay at the prospect of a Nazi-enslaved Europe.

Perhaps you feel that you can pull Hitler's chestnuts from the fire. If you do you reveal yourself as a man lacking both vision and common-sense.

**But I shall grant you a certain vision if you see in the crumbling of the whole rotten Axis edifice the end, too, of the reactionary régime which Axis tanks and 'planes helped you to set up in Spain.**—JOHN BULL.

## Lord HEMINGFORD, Clarendon Lodge, Watford

MY LORD,—As Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy Speaker of the House for 12 years, you had time and opportunity to study our great Parliamentary machine, appraise its virtues and assess its defects.

Now, in the Lords, you have advocated the removal of the few remaining religious differences to enable a Roman Catholic or a Jew to become Lord Chancellor, an office which takes precedence over the Premiership itself.

Religious bigots and anti-Semitics will be angry at you for daring to suggest that this high and coveted post should be open to all Britons, irrespective of creed or ancestry.

But the shelving of the question for future—probably post-war—discussion will please them.

I agree that the issue is controversial, but so are all issues arising out of the application of democratic principles to life and living.

**Class distinction, whether it intrudes in public, private or political circles, is hateful, and hate-making. The more you fight for its removal, the more you will earn my support.**—JOHN BULL.

## The Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.C., M.P., Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—When, this week, you met the committee of medical men and women who have been discussing the medical-service-for-all proposals in the Beveridge Report, I hope that constantly at the back of your mind was the thought of those thousands of young doctors who are looking after the health of the fighting services.

Most of the doctors in private practice to-day are middle-aged or old.

I am not suggesting that they are any the worse practitioners because of their age, but I do feel that the medical future rests not with them but with their younger colleagues, who have temporarily abandoned private practices.

The layman to-day is more health-conscious than his father or grandfather was. Whatever framework of medical legislation you contemplate I trust that you will bear this in mind, too.

I cannot, in the small compass of this letter, hope to touch even the fringe of so vitally important a subject.

But I can assure you that any reform which has for its purpose the better health and happiness of the nation will be sure of my ungrudging help and co-operation.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT By PALLAS

# FAITH AND DEATH

THE thought of death, not death itself, is terrifying. It burrows through the shell of mental reserve and stays, unwelcome and unbidden, until sleep or distraction chases it away.

It dominates dreams, awakens conscience in the wrongdoer, makes man doubt his courage and strips him of all illusions.

Few of us know when the bell will toll. Some do. Father Vincent McNabb, sub-prior of St. Dominic's Priory, South Hampstead, London, has been told by doctors that he has not more than six months to live.

★ ★ ★

At the age of seventy-five he lives serenely under the shadow of death. "I have faith," he says, "and I have had a good innings. A man should be living on his job. I live on my job here—and I hope I shall die on it."

**He shook hands with a reporter. His parting words were: "Au revoir, till heaven."**

There is a great deal to be envied in the priest's peace of mind. True, he has had a long and useful innings, and, in the normal run, would have, perhaps, only a few more years to live.

But to the old as well as the young or middle-aged the death notice from medical advisers comes with solemn, awful finality.

Death is the one inevitable thing in life. Neither money, nor power, nor science, nor vigilance can prevent its coming. It is the commonest of things, yet the most dreaded. And not until man knows the answer to the riddle of the hereafter, will he be able to reconcile himself to death.

I had a colleague, now dead, whose sunken cheeks and withered body were the visible signs of the ravages of consumption. For many months he lingered in a sanatorium. The best of medical skill and attention were lavished on him in vain.

He came home to die. Always he spoke bravely of his future plans. Yet I felt that he knew there was no hope for him. He was cheerful and talkative. Then the mounting flush on his cheeks betrayed what the effort cost him.

He died in his sleep, curled up like a child. Death waved a wand of quiet over him and stilled the turbulent flesh.

I don't know whether he had faith—the sort of faith that enables Father McNabb to face untroubled the journey into the unknown.

Yet there must have been some sort of belief or conviction that kept him bright and cheerful.

*"We are too stupid about death,*
*We will not learn*
*How it is wages paid to those who earn,"*

wrote William Croswell Doane, American Episcopal Bishop.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps, after all, that is the true reason for our fears—the prospect of the paltry wages we have earned in our earthly existence.

Death stalks the world to-day. On land, at sea and in the air he strikes down his victims by day and night.

Only those with the inward faith that comes of goodness and gentleness can hold Death at bay. For them Death is merely a transference from one plane of life to a higher one.

## THE FORGOTTEN MEN OF THE SEA—No. 1

★ "Shipowners," says Sir Philip Haldin, "cannot get out of their memories the terrible years of depression after the last war, when their men walked the streets unemployed." The men, too, remember. And we who depend on their courage for our existence should begin to pay them what we owe

By

**WARREN ARMSTRONG (Late Engineer Officer, Merchant Navy)**

# Give Them Their Rewards Now!

THE dock road was almost deserted. A typical down-river night, with a nor'-easter blowing in great swathes of fog, and the warehouses agleam with the bucketing of salt spray. Liverpool, 1932 . . .

A light, glowing warm from a tavern window, suggested that I might as well spend a spare half-hour in comfort and, maybe, among good companionship.

### Surprising Change

I pushed open the swing door and bumped into a man coming out. A shaft of light lit up his face, and I exclaimed: "Good lord, Bill!"

Two years before Bill and I had been respectively second mate and second engineer in a big freighter, and I'd grown to envy him his spick-and-span neatness.

But this man I'd bumped into—with drawn corners to his mouth and sunken eyes—was threadbare.

The night air was chilly, so I turned him about into the private saloon, where the barmaid looked at him coldly.

After a warming mouthful or so, half-fearing his answer, I said: "Well, how's tricks, old-timer?"

**"I've been trying to figure out," he said, "what the public would say if it knew that naval officers were shipping as able-seamen.**

**"As for me—well, seven months now I've haunted the owners' offices; liftmen slam the gates and shoot out of sight to the top floor directly they see me.**

### Empty Threat

"I'd almost forgotten that you and I were R.N.R. men, and then, one day, I remembered Article 136, Paragraph 3, which lays down the law that we're 'liable to forfeit our commissions or appointments in the Reserve if we accept a position inferior to that of captain, navigating or engineer officer, apprentice, cadet or midshipman.'"

He laughed sceptically. "Anyhow," he ended, "the Royal Naval Reserve is being reduced 'as a measure of Government economy'!"

That was in 1932. The year, you remember, when Hitler was laying the foundation of his plan to beat the sea might out of Britain by striking at our first line of supply and defence—the Merchant Navy.

Bill buttoned up the collar of his reefer coat: "I'll be getting along, old man."

I couldn't let him drift out of sight and mind without trying to help things along a bit. But he wouldn't have it; we somehow edged each other out on to the dock road, with me trying to stuff a couple of Treasury notes into his pocket, and he equally intent on stopping me.

And then—my fingers closed on something. It was a tin whistle.

I'd heard it being played as I approached the tavern. *It was the reason why Bill had been coming out of the swing door as I tried to enter!*

I saw him next towards the end of '36 in London's dockland. He was lucky enough to be "earning a living"—as mate on a tramp.

### Strenuous Times

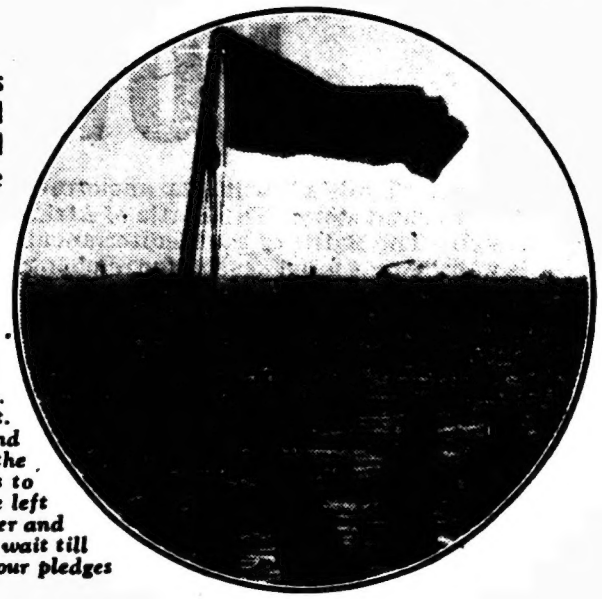
A week or so after our Liverpool meeting he had managed to get aboard a freighter as an able seaman. He did two trips to the Mediterranean before the company went into liquidation.

Next came a job as ordinary seaman with a well-known company, which, after Bill's first voyage, also went bankrupt—with liabilities amounting to more than £200,000.

Indeed, the whole structure of British merchant shipping at that time was crashing to the ground.

But, like thousands of others, Bill went doggedly on and at last signed aboard a tramp on the North Sea-Channel ports trade.

In that year—1937—this type of British tramp was carrying an annual load of nearly 60,000,000 tons of food and supplies.



★

*The Old Flag still flies, torn but triumphant. The convoys sail on. And the seamen who man the guns and get the cargoes to port must never again be left to grow gaunt with hunger and despair. Nor should we wait till war's end to implement our pledges*

★

**There were nine men in Bill's ship. They worked a total of 850 hours every two months. And their average pay was about 10d. an hour!**

The last time I saw my old friend was in hospital.

Propped up among pillows, Bill told me: "It was bright moonlight, and I was doing a bit of grousing about it to the Old Man. You see, we were carrying mainly high explosive, and none of us was anxious to get 'hammered' by a torpedo.

"For the first couple of days it was pretty good going, and then we ran into a wolfpack of the blighters, and they gave us all they had.

"I'm afraid I don't remember much for a spell. But with only one man missing—a fireman who'd been trapped in the bunkers—we found ourselves in the ditch, clinging to wreckage, a raft and a couple of upturned lifeboats which we managed to right.

"We were four days out there, in the open boats, in a full gale and a snowstorm. In the end a destroyer sighted us and brought us back. I've been here nigh on two months, and I want to get out and back to the job."

Unless I don't know Bill, he would have been back on the job before many more weeks had passed, but for one thing.

The doctors had to take off both legs just below the knee. Frostbite.

This isn't a story of "heroics." It's merely an instance of what the British seaman is made of. I could tell you a hundred similar stories.

But on this occasion I don't intend to tell more about Bill, ex-navigating R.N.R. officer, who played a penny tin-whistle outside a dock road pub to earn a few coppers during that time of national disaster when we treated our seamen and our ships as if they'd never existed.

### No Higher Obligation

What I'm aiming at is this:

**In peace or war, our country has depended, and will always depend, on our merchant seamen. We have no higher moral obligation to discharge than that towards the sailorman who stood up to the shocking pre-war conditions afloat and ashore—and who has since fought through all the horrors of the Nazi onslaughts against his ships.**

**We have the pledged word of Ernest Bevin that never again will our seamen have to endure slum conditions of service, bad accommodation, indifferent food, overlong hours of labour, no recognised holidays-with-pay. These are to be things of the Bad Old Past.**

But I suggest that it is NOT necessary to wait until we have won this war before anything MORE is done to implement some of the solemn pledges that have been so freely made to our men.

Granted, much has already been done. But much more could be done now. And the average seaman asks: "How long?"

**NEXT WEEK:**
**"As Fast as the Slowest Ship."**

Write to "John Bull" About it

# THESE PRIVATES ARE ALL OFFICERS

AS always, the Greeks had a word for it—even in the fourth century B.C. They called it the Sacred Brigade.

It was a famous Theban detachment which pledged itself to conquer or to die: never to surrender.

The Sacred Brigade has risen again to fight for the independence of Greece.

★ ★ ★

Last summer several hundred junior officers of the Greek army in the Middle East obtained permission to form themselves into a special force to bear the revered name.

In modern war parlance this special force would perhaps be most accurately described as a Commando unit.

But it has one or two unique distinctions.

Firstly, it is composed exclusively of officers serving as privates.

Secondly, every man in it has at one time or another been mentioned in despatches.

The qualifications for entry into the Sacred Brigade are high—even for heroes.

Before an applicant is chosen for the honour of wearing the distinctive badge on his breast pocket and a parachutist's flash on his shoulder, he must satisfy the following requirements:

He must be an officer.

He must be a volunteer.

Except in the case of certain specialists, he must be under thirty years of age.

He must have fought in Albania.

He must at least have been mentioned in despatches.

He must pass a severe intelligence test.

Obviously, there is no room for misfits there, so it is not surprising that the Sacred Brigade has become a small but highly efficient body of picked men, ready and able to act with daring and personal initiative in delicate and dangerous operations.

★ ★ ★

It includes several naval officers, men who are expert navigators, a qualification of incalculable value in modern warfare.

So successful, indeed, have the navigators of the Sacred Brigade proved that on more than one occasion they have been detailed to guide British Commando and tank forces in special operations.

Not only is the Sacred Brigade relighting the torch of Greek gallantry abroad, but has of its very nature solved a difficult problem facing the Greek authorities.

★ ★ ★

So determined are the officers of the Greek army to carry on the fight, even away from their native land, that the number of commissioned men escaping from Greece has been out of all proportion to that of ordinary troops.

The Sacred Brigade is absorbing the best of these officers.

It has already achieved, under its commanding officer, Colonel C. Gigantes, an enviable reputation in North Africa, where you couldn't swing a cat by its tail without hitting a hero!

It is probable that its reputation will rapidly grow even more formidable in the fighting yet to come.

PATRICK SPENCER.

# NOW FOR OUR BIGGEST TASK!

THE word "Tunisia" will live immortally in our island story. The Battle of Africa is won. The Battle of the Mediterranean is won. Great is our reason for rejoicing.

But let us temper our rejoicing, steel our nerves, and "pass the ammunition." For this is only the overture to the Battle of Europe.

Not until we have cleansed Europe as we have cleansed Africa of the last foul stain of Nazi gangsterdom can we sing our "Te Deum" with full-throated thanksgiving.

But before scanning the future one word must be said about the past. Justice and our sense of gratitude alike demand it. It is a word of recognition of the skill and genius with which we have been led thus far.

*I think the records of war will be searched in vain for a parallel to the stupendous strategic scheme which has culminated at Bizerta.*

* * *

And that scheme itself is only, as Lord Halifax has reminded an American audience, the sequel to an imaginative purpose conceived in the darkest hour of the war.

While the peril of imminent invasion hung over this land, and when France had collapsed, Mr. Churchill sent the only armoured division we had to the Middle East.

By A. G. GARDINER

It seemed then, as Lord Halifax said, "an act of almost insane optimism." To-day it is seen as an act of inspired and far-sighted daring.

It paved the way to the conquest of Abyssinia, the snatching of Irak and Persia from the grip of the Axis, the overthrow of the Italian empire, and ultimately the control of Africa and the Mediterranean.

Contrast this record with the strategy of Hitler and we have ground for sober confidence in face of the great ordeal that lies before us.

**THE MAGNITUDE OF THAT ORDEAL NEEDS NO STRESSING. HISTORY OFFERS NO PARALLEL TO IT. WITH OUR ALLIES WE ARE COMMITTED TO THE INVASION AND CONQUEST OF AN EMBATTLED EUROPE, ON WHICH, APART FROM GIBRALTAR, WE HOLD NOT A SINGLE FOOT OF SOIL.**

The importance of the resounding victory in Tunisia lies in its bearing on this formidable task. It undermines the whole foundations of the Axis structure in southern Europe.

From Gibraltar to the Ægean Sea the Axis is now vulnerable to attack.

While the enemy held the North African coast he had no need to worry about his southern front. He occupied all the air bases on both sides of the Mediterranean for two thousand miles.

With the exception of Malta he was the master of every island in the Middle Sea. He was not powerful enough at sea, even after the fall of France, to keep our Navy out of the Mediterranean, but he was strong enough on land, sea and in the air to close it to our mercantile marine.

Every shipload of munitions we sent to Egypt and the Middle East had to go twelve thousand miles round by the Cape to reach its destination.

** It will be a fierce ordeal. Hitler will throw everything into his death grapple. We must face momentous risks. But if the United Nations strike together the Nazi Empire should collapse in ruins.*

The enemy not only felt himself secure on the southern front. He felt himself the master. At any moment he might be in Egypt and Palestine and Syria.

At any moment he might bolt and bar the Mediterranean against our Navy and make it a Roman, or rather a German, lake.

* * *

But for Mr. Churchill's foresight and bold action in those dark days of 1940 he would certainly have done so. He would to-day have been in Egypt and the Middle East, and we should have been out of the Mediterranean.

It is because Mr. Churchill saw from the beginning that, short of a successful invasion of England, the critical theatre of the war would be the Mediterranean and the Middle East, that three years later Hitler is locked in his fortress with all his eastern projects scrapped and his vulnerable southern front —"the underbelly of the Axis" as Mr. Churchill has called it—laid bare to attack.

It is this brilliant strategic stroke—coupled, of course, with the colossal failure in Russia—that has shattered Hitler's defensive plans.

It has added two thousand miles of coast to his liabilities. For three years he has been insuring himself against invasion by building his Maginot Line along the two thousand miles of his Atlantic front.

*Alexander's shrewd eyes directed the crumpling of the Axis might in Africa. Now there's Europe to survey and prise open!*

To this mighty task he has, since things went wrong in Russia, had to add the fortification of his eastern wall.

* * *

Now with the shattering blow in the Mediterranean he is sending his armies of slaves to rush up another "Maginot" line of two thousand miles or so to hold the new menace from the south.

What an irony, by the way, that Hitler, who began the war by scoffing at the Maginot Line of France, should end by crouching behind "Maginot" lines around the whole margin of Europe.

## How Hitler has Used his Time

GOEBBELS is assuring the German people that the hopeless struggle of the Afrika Korps has given Hitler time to make the Continent impregnable against invasion.

Six months has been gained, it is said.

*But is Hitler really ready?*

* * *

It is true that these six months have been crowded with frantic activity in every Axis sphere.

Half a dozen satellite rulers were summoned into the Fuehrer's presence; the Nazi Press made no secret of the fact that these meetings were designed to rally Europe's peoples for Germany's defensive plans.

See what happened.

When Horthy returned to Hungary after seeing Hitler, it was immediately announced that Hungarian troops would henceforth fight only in Hungary.

They are in the process of being withdrawn from the Russian front, where Hitler sorely needs every available soldier!

Quisling's interview with his Berlin master was hardly over when even Nazi-controlled newspapers in Norway had to admit that the German drive for Norwegian labour had practically collapsed.

Instead of 200,000 men, only 3,000 have so far been recruited.

Stern repressive measures in Rumania indicate that the outcome of Hitler's talks with Antonescu were not a success.

Developments in Bulgaria prove that the Nazis are anything but happy about King Boris's attitude after he met Hitler.

If the diplomatic aspect of Hitler's hurried preparations to meet attack on Europe does not look too good, the internal "total mobilisation" can fairly be described as a plain failure.

* * *

It seems that the desperate last-minute drive to replace the many thousand casualties — 600,000 men must be regarded as lost as a result of Stalingrad and Tunis—has thrown German industry into chaos.

German troops have been moved hither and thither. But the new recruits obtained after the comb-out of German industry have already—in the words of a Russian observer—resulted in a deterioration of the German army's quality. The Boche, he said, is not what he used to be.

You cannot mass-produce an army with high-pressure methods. The flower of the Nazi Wehrmacht has gone—and nothing can replace it.

* * *

Six months ago, Hitler might have saved the bulk of his Afrika Korps to help defend Italy. The Nazis in Tunisia might, but for his intuition, now stand ready in the Balkans to meet invasion.

Within these critical six months he has sacrificed a second crack army. Why?

He says he has done it so that the Atlantic Wall and the Mediterranean and Balkan fortifications could be strengthened. But even his propagandists admit that fortifications alone cannot protect a country against invasion.

It is the spirit of the people behind the fortifications that counts.

To sum up, the last six months which Hitler pretended to need so desperately may, in fact, come to be regarded as the period of his greatest discomfiture.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.



It is not the only ir
Think of the blitzkrieg h
wages the blitzkrieg to-
Essen, Dortmund and t
know. They know.

And it is because w
as well as the sea that t
will not save Hitler.
respecter of Maginot Li
them as cavalierly as
landscape of green pastu

* *

We do not know, and
where the invasion is comi
strategy will be employed
our ignorance than Hitler

But certain factors m
have one supreme advant
where we choose from No
can strike in one place o
*Hitler has to be prepared*
*the time.*

He has to be prepare
Atlantic front and on the
And we may trust the gen
the African campaign a
enemy to extinction in T
"on the wrong foot," north

We know his weak
hammer at them from the
example—his lack of loc
ward structure of the Eu
insufficiency of oil.

It is in the matter of
command of the sea give
especially now that the M
in a sense which has
before.

But our greatest asset
within the fortress that
the news of invasion.
that storm have come wi
Tunis.

All Europe is in a f
When the signal is given
of a continent should ove

* *

**WE MUST BE**
**FAILURES AT THE BE**
**WE MUST LOOK**
**BLOWS, ESPECIALLY**

Hitler will throw e
death grapple, and the G
gambled with as brutal
army was gambled with a
Tunisia.

If the capital ships su
into the Atlantic they wi
they may work great ha
sunk.

They should not su
U-boat has failed) in cutti
as Admiral Cunningham
in the Mediterranean is
addition of two million to
marine.

But whatever the ri
them with iron purpose.
invasion there can be no g
the cost.

And if we and Russi
Columns inside the Conti
and strike with all our
fabric of Nazi Europe shou

# ASK!

It is not the only irony he has suffered. Think of the blitzkrieg hopes of 1940. Who wages the blitzkrieg to-day? Let Cologne, Essen, Dortmund and the rest say. They know. They know.

And it is because we command the air as well as the sea that the "Maginot" lines will not save Hitler. The bomber is no respecter of Maginot Lines. It roars over them as cavalierly as over the Alps or a landscape of green pastures.

★ ★ ★

We do not know, and Hitler does not know, where the invasion is coming, or when, or what strategy will be employed. We are happier in our ignorance than Hitler is.

But certain factors may be assumed. We have one supreme advantage. We can strike where we choose from Norway to Greece. We can strike in one place or many places. *But Hitler has to be prepared in all places and all the time.*

He has to be prepared in Russia, on the Atlantic front and on the Mediterranean front. And we may trust the genius which conceived the African campaign and shepherded the enemy to extinction in Tunisia to catch him "on the wrong foot," north, south, east or west.

We know his weak points and how to hammer at them from the air. Transport, for example—his lack of locomotives, the awkward structure of the European railways, his insufficiency of oil.

It is in the matter of transport that our command of the sea gives us the whiphand, especially now that the Mediterranean is ours in a sense which has never been the case before.

But our greatest asset should be the storm within the fortress that will be unleashed at the news of invasion. The premonitions of that storm have come with the tidings from Tunis.

All Europe is in a fever of expectancy. When the signal is given the pent-up wrath of a continent should overwhelm the tyrants.

★ ★ ★

**WE MUST BE PREPARED FOR FAILURES AT THE BEGINNING. AND WE MUST LOOK FOR COUNTER-BLOWS, ESPECIALLY AT SEA.**

Hitler will throw everything into this death grapple, and the German navy will be gambled with as brutally as the German army was gambled with at Stalingrad and in Tunisia.

If the capital ships succeed in getting out into the Atlantic they will never return, but they may work great havoc before they are sunk.

They should not succeed (where the U-boat has failed) in cutting our life-line, for, as Admiral Cunningham has said, our victory in the Mediterranean is equivalent to the addition of two million tons to our mercantile marine.

But whatever the risks, we must take them with iron purpose. Once embarked on invasion there can be no going back whatever the cost.

And if we and Russia and all the Fifth Columns inside the Continent strike together and strike with all our might, the whole fabric of Nazi Europe should collapse in ruins.

★ Africa was won by absolute unity between Army and Air Forces. We must now make this unity—not mere "co-operation" or "air support" —an essential part of our plans to invade Europe

*Side-by-side, soldier and airman must arrange together the onslaught on Hitler's vaunted "Fortress of Europe"*

# We-Are-One Plans for Invasion

IN modern war, as evolved by battle experience on the Mediterranean fronts, two high commanders at British H.Q. live side by side in mobile truck-drawn trailer homes.

One commands the Army, the other commands the R.A.F. formations working with it.

Their partnership symbolises the real marriage of land and air power.

The Air Officer Commanding is the more novel. He and his squadrons are the last word to date in a revolution that has forged army and supporting air force into one unit.

**No commander now talks of "co-operation." That stage was passed by Montgomery and Coningham in their 2,000-miles stormy pilgrimage over the African battle-fields.**

What we now have from their experience is this new we-are-one unity in close air support as provided for the armies in the Mediterranean zone by the Tactical Force.

From his H.Q. cheek by jowl with that of the Army Commander the A.O.C. commands fighters, fighter-bombers, medium bombers, reconnaissance and photo-reconnaissance 'planes.

## Always Ready

He can also call on heavy bombers for long-range strategical bombing of the enemy's communications, bases and other targets in the rear.

His squadrons each have own mobile headquarters and able to pack up at a moment's notice.

They are self-contained, with all spares for servicing, fuel, bombs, ammunition; its servicing commandos are ready to handle any type of aircraft the Group is flying.

They have their R.A.F. Regiment units, with their anti-tank guns and light "ack-ack" to defend aerodromes against attack and to hold captured airfields.

Supporting them are Army airfield construction companies of engineers and pioneers to help clear and build rough landing grounds or repair damaged aerodromes.

Nearly all the aircraft can operate from rough ground when necessary.

## Speedy Work

**In the recent great manœuvres in Britain one rough landing ground was built in twelve hours of daylight.**

**At Marble Arch, in Africa, the Army—at a cost of ten lives—cleared for Coningham's airmen an airfield of a thousand mines in eight hours.**

That's unity! The union of soldier and airman that grew out of the melting-pot of African battle!

Soon after Dunkirk I visited squadrons of the R.A.F. Army Co-operation Command formed out of the Advanced Air Striking Force in France.

"Army Co-op" was then chiefly concerned with reconnaissance as the "Eyes of the Army." The military idea was that every Corps or even Division should have its own "penny packet" of supporting aircraft under the local commander's orders.

**Now, under the new set-up in the Mediterranean zone there are no small packets of aircraft. It is no use a local commander demanding machines for a minor target.**

## Turning the Tide

**The two high commanders, seeing the whole picture from their adjacent H.Q.s, will know the big target may be far behind the front beyond local vision.**

Some armoured or other heavy concentration may be moving up from the rear and, unless swiftly mass-attacked from the air, may turn the tide of battle.

The Army has realised that central air control at a high level, able to turn on "the heat" at the right spot at the right moment, is more important than "penny packet" attacks

So Army Commander, A.O.C., and their staffs now live together.

There's no lag in passing information from one to the other; they plan and act as one.

The commanding soldier says to the commanding airman, "Here's my plan. I propose using such and such forces here at such a time. Look at it from your viewpoint. What support can you give me?"

They hammer it out together, the general no more commanding the supporting air force than an air marshal would command a fleet or an admiral an air force.

## No Interference

The air, universal element over both land and sea, is a law unto itself. It is more elastic than either.

Swiftly its central controller can switch over from one direction of attack to another over wide areas.

The modern military commander has learned what the supporting air force can do, and so doesn't ask impossibilities or interfere in its command.

He knows it's no use splitting it up into lots of little bits, as then the major targets might be missed.

The Germans and Russians both control the air power supporting their armies from a high level. The R.A.F. is doing the same. The Americans, with less battle experience, have learned fast.

From those early days of "Army Co-op" has grown an incomparable striking force.

Tank-busting cannon-fighters, skimming just over the ground, like the new Hurricanes whose inch and a half calibre armour-piercing shells disable even the heaviest tanks, as they did with the "Tiger" Mark VIs in Africa.

Light and medium bombers like the Bostons and Mitchells are available for close support of invading armies.

## None to Compare

Wooden 400 m.p.h. Mosquitos may not be suitable for this close support, but they will be available for long-range onslaughts with the giant Lancasters, Halifaxes and Stirlings, in answer to which the Germans have so far found no equally effective four-engined types.

**Dive-bombers; on order for nearly three years, haven't arrived yet; and maybe won't, for R.A.F. pilots say they have been outdated by the fighter-bombers, the finer instrument of the two.**

They lay their "eggs" with the same degree of accuracy, if necessary from as low as fifty or a hundred feet, and then are still game to do a bit of fighting.

The Americans have, of course, a fast-growing invasion air armada; but this story is enough to show the big packet the Germans will get from the new marriage of the Army and Air Force.

JOHN CASHEL.

# BRAZEN BLUFF ON OUR WAR HEROES

MANY relatives of war heroes who have been decorated for bravery would naturally like to read the full details of their exploits.

What a proud record it would be if the stories of their valour were printed in a well-illustrated book that could be prized for all time!

Several enterprising people are travelling about on the strength of this idea. But such schemes should not be taken at face value merely because they look attractive and the canvassers sound convincing.

One of the firms about which I am receiving inquiries is called "The War Honours Directory." Its offices are at Eagle House, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

## FEES IN ADVANCE

It solicits fees, and books orders in advance, for a proposed volume that will contain the histories of war heroes.

Its agents make a special point that all the salient facts will be checked up and that the fullest information will be obtained from the authorities.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER

Inquiries at the Jermyn Street headquarters reveal that two men named Morton and Lewis have recently appeared in a small office there. They are rarely seen at the premises, but call daily for letters.

Though their telephone number is given as Whitehall 8863 there is no subscriber working on that number. And the Whitehall Telephone Exchange has no record of any other number for the "War Honours Directory" or either Morton or Lewis.

A George Cross winner who received a circular was wise enough to make a few inquiries before committing himself to the scheme. As a result, he decided to have nothing to do with it.

**Obviously, no volume of this kind could be compiled without official help or collaboration.**

**Yet this Jermyn Street firm is not known—and certainly not recognised—by the War Office, Air Ministry, Admiralty or other official departments likely to be interested in such a project.**

## NO OFFICIAL BACKING

The Secretary of the Royal Scety of St. George was astonished when he learned about "The War Honours Directory"—and promptly endorsed my own opinion that no worth-while publication could be brought out unless authentic and official records were first consulted.

An official of St. James' Palace, who is custodian of the records of many awards, has no knowledge of "The War Honours Directory," and says that Morton and Lewis are working without any official backing or recognition.

*Debrett*, the famous authority on all matters concerning the Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, Companionage and honours of all kinds, also has no knowledge of this Jermyn Street enterprise.

Any offers concerning it should therefore be disregarded.

Many similar propositions are in operation.

## MANY COMPLAINTS

The editor of *Debrett*, for example, is constantly receiving complaints from people who have parted with money to other firms and who have been unable to find out whether the publications concerned in their cases are ever likely to appear. Nor have they been able to obtain refunds of money paid.

Some complaints are from men and women who are Companions of various Orders and who, during the last year or two, have paid money in advance for a proposed volume that would contain biographies of themselves and members of their family.

Not only should readers ignore such offers until preliminary inquiries have been made, but they should be on their guard against a recent revival of the old "block-making" racket run by the proprietors of make-believe periodicals.

A man called S. MacIntosh, from his "temporary address (during war time)" in Breadcroft Road, Woodlands Park, Maidenhead, Berks, is at present running the *Countryside Quarterly*.

This possesses no genuine circulation, and, in these days of paper shortage, is just so much waste.

## ANOTHER CATCH

**A North Country breeder of sporting dogs recently received some unsolicited circulars from MacIntosh, who "presented his compliments and had much pleasure" in sending on proofs of a eulogistic "write up" of the North Country man's career.**

Then came the catch!

Under the heading, "Special Subscription Rates," he was asked to sign an order and return it with the appropriate cheque for twenty-five copies at £2 2s. 6d.; fifty, £3 15s.; 100, £7; 250, £14, and 500, £25.

The methods employed by the *Countryside Quarterly* are curiously similar to those used for many years by a certain Henry Stewart MacIntosh, otherwise known as Hannaford MacIntosh and as H. Stewart.

Several make-believe publications have been run by him at one time or another.

**Court actions over some of them have arisen—because clients who consented to "write ups" soon found themselves presented with unexpected bills for photographic blocks made without their consent and used to illustrate the "puff" articles.**

There are, of course, many reputable publications and directories in existence which give good value for money.

At the same time, canvassers acting for bogus directory firms are now going about soliciting orders for "proposed" volumes which may never appear at all or will eventually come out in a style that is useless to the people who have paid subscription fees in advance.

*So be wary of their propositions unless proper inquiries satisfy you that they are really genuine!*

### PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

*Mrs. J. Bishop, Back Lane, Shevington Moor, near Wigan, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for useful information.*

*Letters are invited about any suspected ramp or swindle. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

*Hundreds of other brave men and women have been similarly decorated by the King. But they must be warned against an artful ramp*

## FIVE BRIEF WARNINGS

READERS in all parts of the country are asking me to issue warnings about the petty swindlers who find victims in every district they visit.

Certainly. First, a note of caution about George Hill, alias Morley, Graves, Lawrence, etc., who sometimes gives no surname at all and tells intending victims to call him just by his Christian name.

He's victimising poor landladies all over the country.

★ ★ ★

In Reading, recently, he posed as a lorry driver in the employ of a large firm of contractors. Spinning a yarn that he had to stay in the town until his lorry could be unloaded and reloaded, he obtained meals and lodging for two or three nights at different houses and then disappeared.

Warrants are out for his arrest in numerous towns.

**An elderly woman, neatly dressed and describing herself as a nurse, and who falsely claims that she was at one time in the employ of a famous duke, stays at small hotels in the guise of a "Sister" waiting to take up an important Government post in the vicinity.**

**She makes friends quickly, wins confidence with the tale that she must not give a hint as to what her secret job is to be, obtains loans, credit, steals anything of value, and then decamps.**

Men wearing overalls visit one town after another and go from door to door. They are from the local Health Office, they tell housewives—officially testing tap water for the prevention of diphtheria and other diseases.

★ ★ ★

**The charge, they say, is a shilling—and it enables them to make about £1 an hour!**

Other men go in a gang from house to house, pretending to have been sent by the local council to collect any old clothes for bombed-out people.

Their "Welfare Officer," they say, will make a payment for the clothes after he has inspected them at "The Depot"—and they promise to bring the money back within a few hours.

They don't, of course.

Police officials in several districts are also receiving complaints against three men of swarthy appearance who call at houses to ask for any old gold or spectacle frames.

One unwary reader sold spectacle frames of solid gold for 2d. each!

## SWAFFER TELLS YOU...

### HOW WOULD YOU TRAIN YOUTH?

● I am not so much surprised that the headmaster of Rugby has at last decided that "Schools should not only impart skill and knowledge, but teach the young to think" as I am shocked.

Apparently, after having been trying to teach boys Rugby all his life, he has discovered that they should be encouraged to teach themselves Association.

I have no fixed ideas on how I would train Youth. There are no mass remedies.

I merely know how I would train one particular youth. But even then he would have to be a youth who was worthy of being trained.

I should let him live with me during all my working and waking hours, watch me engaged on all my activities, and tell him to ask "Why?" when he wanted.

At the end of it, though, I should doubtless discover that his "Why?" had taught me a lot.

The best education I can think of for a class is giving them all the rebels to read—Voltaire, Ingersoll, Shaw, and the rest—and saying: ".What is your answer to that? Think it out for yourselves."

### SHOULD MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS BE RESUMED?

● Yes; and No!

*Yes*, because in Glasgow, for instance, twenty-seven new councillors have been appointed, not by the public but by the old gang, since the war time truce started. So they represent only what was there before.

This sort of thing is general all over the country.

*No*, because the old register is so out of date that it is useless—and also because the abandonment of public meetings has prevented the electors from having heard what it is all about.

The truce was necessary in order to win the war. Whatever its drawbacks, the only way to end it is to end Hitler.

### CANNOT WORKERS LIVE NEARER HOME?

● We still read of workers posted from South Wales to Scotland, from Scotland to Hampshire, and so on.

While in the case of married people this has often been a hardship which might have been avoided, I do not take too seriously the many complaints about youths being sent some distance.

Experience of another part of the country will do nearly all of them a lot of good. Molly-coddling at home, which is what it amounts to in very many cases, should not be encouraged. Only the parents like that.

I could never understand the row raised in Scotland about young workers coming to England. Thousands had done it in peace time in search of personal advancement and to their and our advantage, and I do not remember that they cried about it.

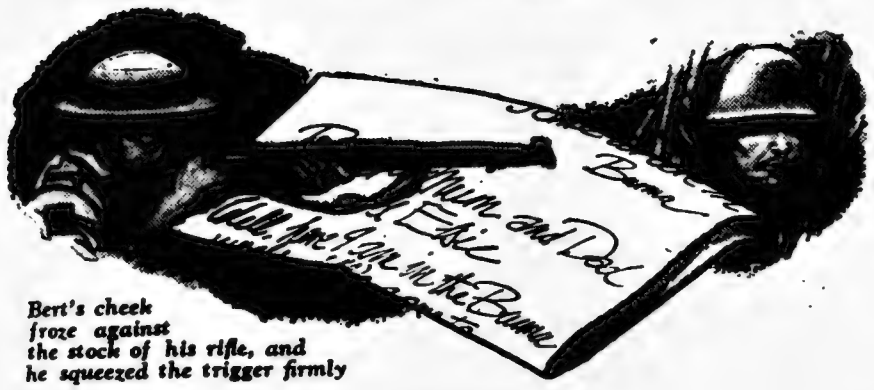
Personal problems must be regarded to-day with a remembrance of what we know is happening to hundreds of thousands of our race all over the world.

# BERT'S LETTER FROM BURMA

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

★

By HARRY HEARSON



*Bert's cheek froze against the stock of his rifle, and he squeezed the trigger firmly*

THE Higgs family were at breakfast in the kitchen when the postman slipped an envelope through the letter-flap of No. 21, Paradise Row, Blacktown, and gave a double rat-tat on the knocker.

Mrs. Higgs, pushing a plate of fry in front of her shirt-sleeved husband, stood quite still for a moment, wiping her hands nervously on her apron before edging unwillingly into the passage.

A moment later her cry of excitement caused Mr. Higgs to bolt a mouthful of food, and their daughter Elsie, in overalls for her day shift at the factory, to jab her mouth with a fork.

"Look! It's from Bert!" cried Mrs. Higgs, waving the letter as she hurried back into the kitchen. She excitably showed her husband the writing on the envelope, and, borrowing his knife, slit open the envelope with trembling fingers and drew out the letter.

She cleared her throat.

"'Dear Mum and Dad and Elsie,'" she began to read. "Well, here I am in the Burma jungle. . . .'"

★ ★ ★

BERT HIGGS sucked the point of his pencil and glanced about him absently. Several of his pals in the Lancashire Fusiliers were similarly engaged in writing letters home.

Grouped around a rigged-up table of woven rushes, mounted on trestles in a clearing among the tangled thicket of bamboos, they were intent on the arduous business of literary composition, heedless of the distant crackle of machine-gun fire and the presence of uninvited myriads of insects.

Bert's mind went back over the last few months, searching for material. He thought of the voyage out, and of the night of excitement when they had been tumbled out on deck and two torpedoes had narrowly missed the troopship.

HE remembered his arrival in India, and the amazing scenes there of native life and colour.

Then the transfer to the front here in Arakan. Nothing but great tangles of bamboos, with here and there a swamp for unwary feet, and occasionally a stretch of teak forest.

He had wandered off by himself one afternoon, and had discovered a scene so grandly reminiscent of a cathedral, with its great pillars of teak and its softly carpeted aisles, that he had experienced a feeling of very deep awe.

It was hot, almost unbearably hot, and he had sat down at the foot of one of the trees, taking off his pith helmet to mop his forehead.

In doing so, he had made a rustle, and a moment later he was nearly startled out of his wits to see the undergrowth a little distance away from him part to reveal the tawny and black face of a tiger.

Before he could get up and run, the tiger had coughed gently, and, watching him out of the corners of its eyes, had crossed the glade with a catlike walk and disappeared among the trees on the far side.

Then they'd had the clash with the Jap patrol. Bert and his particular buddy, Tom Adams, had been together in that.

AT the beginning, they had been lying side by side behind one of those rocks that cropped up here and there among the bamboo thickets, and they had been keeping watch on a piece of rising ground beyond.

As they lay and watched, Bert's eye caught a movement among the undergrowth ahead, and by concentrating hard he made out the monkeyish face of a Jap soldier, peering out and down the slope. Bert's cheek froze against the stock of his rifle, and he squeezed the trigger firmly.

The shot was the signal for hell to break loose. Bullets whined over their heads and ploughed furrows into the reddish soil that overlaid the rocks.

An answering volley from around them brought a momentary silence, in which their officer ordered a bayonet charge.

Pounding up the hill was a nasty experience, but Bert and Tom made it, crashing into the far thicket side by side. The bayonet work was swift and remorseless, and was very soon over.

Then they had seen, among the undergrowth across a clearing, one of the Japs with a knife in hand stalking their officer.

Bert couldn't shoot, because the two men were nearly in line. The only thing to do was to change the angle of fire by sprinting across the clearing.

He and Tom sprinted, with the bullets whipping up puffs of reddish earth around their feet. As they ran Bert took a snap shot, and it came off.

They had almost reached the opposite thicket when the single crack of a rifle up above them came almost simultaneously with a soft, smacking sound at Bert's side.

As he turned quickly, another rifle spoke from the ground level across the clearing, and from the corner of his eye he saw a violent threshing among the foliage of a tall tree above them. Then he went down on his knees beside Tom.

But Tom was beyond the need of assistance, and Bert rose quickly to his feet and continued soberly towards the officer. There was silence now. That last one must have been the only sniper left.

The officer spoke of gallantry and one thing and another, and Bert gathered something about his name going forward for recognition. And then the section had proceeded to consolidate its position. . .

Bert emerged somewhat dazedly from his thoughts, and was surprised to see his pals still busily writing their letters. Sucking his pencil again, he bent over the paper in front of him.

★ ★ ★

MRS. HIGGS cleared her throat.

"'Dear Mum and Dad and Elsie,'" she began to read. "'Well, here I am in the Burma jungle.

"'Well, soon after we got here we had a fight with some of them—the Japs, I mean. They are like monkeys, up trees and all that. Anyways, we beat them.

"'It is very hot here, and there aren't any streets or shops. I don't mind it, really, but I sometimes wish I was in Paradise Row and taking Maggie round to old Ma Tibbles's fish and chip saloon.

"'Well, that's about all, I think. Hoping this finds you as well as it leaves me, and love to all.—Bert.'"

## JUST AN ORDINARY FELLOW

THE odd thing about Smith is that we like him. He's just an ordinary fellow. Bowler hat, little attaché-case, moustache, worried look, wife and two kids, small house in the suburbs.

Nothing to look at; nothing much to listen to.

But we like him.

★ ★ ★

We like to jaw with him over the garden fence. We like to know what *he* does about greenfly. We like to look at the little album of snaps he took in the "last real" summer of 1939.

In the winter, when gardening is out of the question, we quite brighten up if Smith comes into the local. The local takes on a new atmosphere.

And yet there's nothing to Smith, really. He's just Smith. He doesn't pretend to be anything. Except Smith.

Another odd thing is that our wife gets on well with Mrs. Smith. And the kids get on well with the Smith kids.

If the Smiths were to move far away to another suburb it would be like a sunset. It would take us months to get over it.

Now, why do we like Smith and his family, since there is nothing to them?

(To be fair we'll admit there is nothing to us either, but the Smiths seem to like us a lot.)

The answer is, of course, that we *know* the Smiths. We like them because we know them, not because of what they are. They're nothing much at all.

★ ★ ★

If Smith lived in the next suburb, and we didn't know him, we should dislike him very much.

We should gossip about his ridiculous bowler hat and his silly little attaché-case. His moustache would get on our nerves. His worried look would soon drive us frantic.

We'd feel like stopping him and saying: "For heaven's sake, you poor idiot, cheer up! It can't possibly be as bad as you look."

If Smith were a Smith we didn't *know* we'd dislike him from the first minute we saw him.

The same Smith, mind; same funny little ways; but we'd dislike him.

Why are we made like that? Or is it just a habit? Can we be unmade, as it were?

Because it, in my opinion, runs money neck and neck as the root of all evil.

We are quite ready to loathe McSmith. We are quite ready to hate O'Smith. Or De Smith. Or Van Smith. Any Smith—or Jones or Brown or Robinson if it comes to that.

Smiths from almost anywhere else but next door. We can't stand them.

We don't know them. We've never exchanged a word with them. We don't like their faces. We don't like their ways.

They like to pop round to the local. They like to jaw over their own garden fences and say what they know about greenfly. They like to display their little album of snaps.

★ ★ ★

But we don't *know* them. Smith from the next suburb, Smith from the next county, McSmith, O'Smith from over the sea, De Smith, Senor Smith. . . .

A hateful breed! You've only got to look at their faces.

Whereas *Smith* . . .

We *know* Smith. A grand fellow, a pal, a man who sees things as we see them.

Good old Smith!

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

## BEWARE THE ALIBI KING

**Nearly everyone would willingly agree that we cannot both eat our cake and have it. Yet very few are willing to apply that admirable little proverb to everyday life as it affects themselves.**

**If someone works hard, tries unremittingly, looks ahead, tackles difficulties efficiently, and overcomes troubles stoutly, and if, at last, he succeeds in whatever he has been attempting, he says proudly: "I did it!" But if he does all these things and still fails? Does he also say frankly: "I did it"?**

**Does he as readily admit his responsibility for failure as he acclaims his achievement of success? Not he! He says it's "bad luck." He wasn't to blame—not he!**

**But, you see, he must have been. We cannot both have our cake and eat it. We cannot claim success and repudiate failure.**

**Our greatest problem in any situation is always ourself, and until and unless we have tackled that problem successfully we shouldn't look round for alibis.**

**"The world," said an American writer, "is a cross-grained place, and other people are often unfair, selfish, cruel. Yet, after all, we know the difference between the man who always has an alibi and the man who—in just as distressing a situation—habitually looks inward to his own attitudes and resources, with no excuses, no passing of the buck.**

**"In any circumstances, he regards himself as his major problem, certain that if he handles himself well that is bound to make some difference."**

**To handle yourself well makes, in fact, all the difference. It is the real difference between the success and the failure. No Alibi King ever yet got anywhere worth while.**

MONTY'S CONQUERORS—No. 5. By MAURICE FAGENCE

# Army with the Tornado Punch!

★ FROM EL ALAMEIN TO TUNIS, THE EIGHTH ARMY SWEPT ON WITHOUT A SINGLE WRITTEN ORDER. BUT THERE WERE 1,000 RADIO SETS TO EVERY DIVISION—AND OUR MUNITION WORKERS HAD DONE WONDERS

ROMMEL tried one desperate stroke to stem the all-conquering Eighth Army.

He massed all his armour at El Aqqaqir.

It was a bloody battle. It raged throughout the nine hours of daylight. He lost at least 260 tanks.

And, when night fell, he ran.

So much for the Axis armies that were going to sweep through Egypt and beyond.

Their non-stop 2,000-mile journey to the tip of Tunisia had begun.

Well, why had we won?

First—and absolutely first—because we had the better troops. Then, because we were better led.

**We had tried the experiment of having one war command, and what a glorious success it proved!**

**Navy and R.A.F. made sure that in the six weeks before El Alamein not a single Axis tanker survived.**

Only one supply ship in five got through intact.

And what about the do-or-die fanaticism of Rommel's hand-picked hothouse-trained six-footers?

The quiet determination of our Scots and cockneys and provincials and New Zealanders was more rock-like than any politically fanned fanaticism.

And we had not been afraid to learn from the Germans.

*No grin. No stripes. But this British infantryman typifies the soldier who "finished the job" in Africa*

They'd arrived with the best tanks, guns, everything. Men trained to desert conditions. Special foods, even salads in glass.

## A Long Job

Scent-spray water bottles, that made precious water go six times farther.

It was a long job giving our men all they needed for victory, because our supply lines were 12,000 miles long, and U-boats infested thousands of miles of them.

**But our munition makers did wonders. And in far-off America our representatives—among them Eighth Army officers who knew our vital needs—were being told by the tank and gun makers: "Come into this factory as though you own it. Give orders—don't make requests."**

And we learnt a lot from Rommel.

We had always sent our messages in code. We were afraid of the enemy getting to know. And he sent his in clear.

Clear was obviously better. Modern warfare is so quick, anyhow, that by the time the enemy properly appreciates what you are going to do you have done it.

So we did more than send in clear. Aiming at maximum understandability, we dispensed with jargon altogether.

Typical are the orders of the late General Gott to two of his Brigadiers:

*"Hullo, Ack Beer Charlie. You will attack that column. You will attack it all day and you will attack it all night. You will take all risks. You will destroy it. Is that clear?*

And, that same day: *"Hullo, Monkey Pip Don. You and I can clear up this situation quite easily. You will form your forces into three columns—you know, Jock columns. One will attack. . . . The other will attack. . . . With the third you will meet me to-night at "the grocer's shop." Is this clear?*

Those two simple messages got us out of a bad hole!

Montgomery advanced from El Alamein to Tunis without a single order in writing. A Civil Service nightmare if you like!

Certainly we beat Rommel on communications.

We progressed till we had something like a thousand wireless sets to a division.

Even at the height of battle you could hear our little battery-charging engines chugging away. "Milk rounds," the troops called them. The milk was distilled water.

**Our leaders—sharing every peril with their men, as, indeed, did Rommel—always had their wireless trucks with them.**

A divisional commander, for instance, could talk forward to his most advanced reconnaissance.

He had his own intercomm.—house 'phone, if you like—for talking within the division itself.

When he went into the full blast of battle in a tank his wireless would be beside him and he himself would do all the talking.

And Rommel should have known better than to try on Montgomery such tricks as producing tanks from Bedouin tents, which once turned the tide of a battle.

For when, at last, the wonderful 105 mm. guns arrived Montgomery had them disguised as trucks with canvas and laths and distributed in the desert.

Not until the canvas suddenly fell away did the enemy realise we had a gun which had him beaten.

**But one of our most valuable assets was Montgomery's gift of inspiring initiative in his men. It isn't so easy with textbook-minded Germans.**

## Over a Precipice

Here are a few examples given to me by a recently returned officer:

He saw a tank with a gun that wasn't working for elevation. So the crew kept racing it to slopes which gave it the degree of elevation required—and kept on firing!

He saw a tank conveyor with tank on board go over a precipice—went down to pick up the body of the driver.

He found the tank almost intact, the conveyor sadly twisted, and the driver—a cigarette-end between his lips—taking his tool-kit out to start repairs!

As our Army advanced he saw a lame Scammel panting forward and dragging a broken-down 10-ton lorry. He had a good laugh and shot ahead of it.

Three days later it passed him again—now towing two broken 10-tonners, and the driver, questioned, said it was his dream to salvage a tank—and he was keeping his eye open!

## Blowing Them Up

**That road forward only takes two lines of traffic. So our drivers—always captains of their own trucks—haven't hesitated to tip a broken-down vehicle on to the minefield and blow it up rather than let it be a serious hindrance.**

Nobody questions their action.

And it was miraculous how we set to work on captured airfields. The first few sappers started clearing them of mines while they could still see the backs of our advancing infantry.

The main repair squad would arrive when the infantry had fought its way ahead, perhaps another six miles.

Then, almost at once the petrol, oil and ammunition would pour in, by which time the sappers were going forward ready to tackle another recaptured airfield.

And as we advanced ships swept into newly captured harbours with supplies, barges and lighters rushed the stuff ashore, where it was either dispersed for safety or rushed up to the advancing Army.

**Sometimes by air—for the tanks and guns could not wait.**

**This was something more than an Army. It was clockwork in its precision, but an earthquake and tornado in one in its punch.**

**NEXT WEEK: Stories That Will Never Die.**

## GOD IS NEVER WRONG

*GOD IS NEVER WRONG. To Him you can always go, for He will never fail you however great your woe. However strange your phobias, to Him they will prove no bar, you can just lay bare your soul, for He knows you as you are.*

*GOD IS NEVER WRONG. Thus, however you may sin, and whatever things you lose and whatever prizes win, what substance you forsake for the shadows that will flee, God knows all that you do, and all your joys and misery.*

*GOD IS NEVER WRONG. Those words have an awesome ring; they cut out all excuses, when your problems to Him you bring. They uproot Pride's defences, strip pretence of its bright veneer; and though God is Never Wrong, He Forgives your wrongs, my dear.*

*GOD IS NEVER WRONG. Then why, you sometimes ask, does He seem to let you stumble and fail in a righteous task? And why does he allow pain and torture to prevail? Well, though He made all the seas, He makes not men's ships, nor sets their sail. Nor does he carve Life's roads, nor lift Life's standard free, He made the world and heaven, then gave man's soul for his destiny*

J. M.

# YOU NEEDN'T BE HOUSE-PROUD TO BE A HOME-MAKER

**★ If you are in doubt write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)**

SOME years ago I was sent to interview two well-known literary lions in their dens. The first was surrounded by "muddle": papers on every chair; piles of books on the floor, the piano, and the mantlepiece; and the table was so full that he had only one small corner in which to write.

The second man was the opposite. His room was extremely tidy, with everything in its right place. He could not work in a muddle. He told me that if a book was upside down on his shelves it worried him.

The memory was recalled by a letter the other morning. This is what is said:

**Do you think there is any cure for untidiness? My husband is dreadful, and he gets worse as he gets older. He talks of his discipline in orderliness when he was in the Army during the last war but it has not done him much good.**

**The nuisance of it is that he doesn't seem to see muddle. He laughs when I show him the clothes he has dropped on the floor, the matches he scatters about right and left, and the rubbish that accumulates on the dresser.**

**I try my best to make the place look presentable. If I don't happen to see his discarded ties, collars and socks, I find them jumbled together in odd corners. His tobacco ash is deposited anywhere and everywhere.**

**Do you think there is any way of curing him? He makes such a lot of unnecessary work, but I expect I am not the only woman who is worried in this way.**

I can assure her that she is only one of thousands. The habit of tidiness seems to be an acquired virtue. Young children make muddles with their toys but mothers, nannies and nursery school workers teach them to clear up when they have finished.

Habits thus learnt in early days are apt to persist.

MANY wives have attempted to train their husbands in orderly ways—sometimes with success, sometimes in vain. But I don't think this gets to the root of the problem, as the next letter proves:

**My sister has two daughters, but although they are very much alike in appearance they are utterly different in almost every other way. My sister is a methodical woman and likes to see everything "just so" in the home. She can't bear to see a thing out of place.**

**Naturally she has tried to train her girls to be like her, but the younger one drives her to distraction.**

**The elder girl is as neat and methodical as one could expect; she has her mother's dislike for disorder. But the younger girl scatters her belongings all over the room as soon as she gets in—doors and seems to be happiest when surrounded by muddles.**

**The two girls have the same parents so it cannot be explained by heredity.**



## READER'S V... A SENTE...

A GROCER is fined for... as butter, yet a c... ell slate, stone and oth... without fear of prosecu... A. G. Eteson, Liversedge...

★ ★

Talk of petrol shortag... my husband outside t... London, we saw dozens ... to the theatre in taxi... could use the 'buses ... Mrs. M. Wallis, Plu... S.E.18.

★ ★

Workmen's wives are ... on farms, while young... taken farms as a means... tary service ride about ... their days in sporting ac... Hardingham.

★ ★

Under the Internation... Hitler, Goebbels and ot... can escape to Switze... Sweden. What is the ... to do about it?—"Privat... Nottingham.

★ ★

Allotment-holders are... a packet for a certain fe... stuff can be bought in ... By charging sixpence a... at £240 a ton. What a... Porchester, Hants.

★ ★

Last year the Governm... grow more sugar beet ... Much of this has now ... the pulping factories co... such vast quantities. ... could have been grown ... Warner, Bracebridge He...

*Most girls have an Id... Loretta Young. But...*

They have had the same... ing in tidiness. But on... cess, the other a total fa...

I wish you could exp... for this difference betw... suggest what is to be ... younger girl, who make... long. She seems to be u... either does not see mud... likes it. What kind of ... she make if she is allow... this?

As for the immediate ... ness, some people are o... everything is in apple-p... others really enjoy be... by confusion; and beca... they resist all efforts t... The muddler takes twic... thing as the orderly ... the other hand one can ... al and make a fetish of ...

*It is possible for a w... tremely house-proud, bu... failure as a home-make...*

There is just room l... which reached me a fe...

You suggest that girls ...

## READER'S VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

A GROCER is fined for selling margarine as butter, yet a coal merchant can sell slate, stone and other rubbish as coal without fear of prosecution. Why?—Mrs. A. G. Eteson, Liversedge, Yorks.

★ ★ ★

Talk of petrol shortage! Waiting with my husband outside the Stoll Theatre, London, we saw dozens of people drive up to the theatre in taxis. These people could use the 'buses or Underground.—Mrs. M. Wallis, Plumstead Common, S.E.18.

★ ★ ★

Workmen's wives are compelled to work on farms, while young men who have taken farms as a means of avoiding military service ride about in cars, and spend their days in sporting activities.—G. W. C., Hardingham.

★ ★ ★

Under the International Extradition laws Hitler, Goebbels and other war criminals can escape to Switzerland, Spain, or Sweden. What is the Government going to do about it?—"Private," Canning Cross, Nottingham.

★ ★ ★

Allotment-holders are paying sixpence a packet for a certain fertiliser. This same stuff can be bought in bulk at £12 a ton. By charging sixpence a packet it is sold at £240 a ton. What a ramp!—M. Irwin, Porchester, Hants.

★ ★ ★

Last year the Government made farmers grow more sugar beet than ever before. Much of this has now been wasted, as the pulping factories could not deal with such vast quantities. Valuable wheat could have been grown in its place.—H. G. Warner, Bracebridge Heath, Lincoln.

★ *Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s 6d. for Reader's Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

*OUR lads had to be "quick on the draw" to smash the Axis in Africa. A seasoned campaigner, Pte. Jack Moody, makes this clear in a letter to his wife at Hereson Road, Ramsgate, Kent:*

We had not been going for long when we came under fire of an anti-tank gun a few hundred yards to our right. Debussing at once, we took up fire positions; but we weren't needed, as the 25-pounders went into action and eliminated the Hun before he could do much mischief.

So we travelled on, with our three Bren-gun carriers scouting ahead. They were not long in nosing into trouble.

Coming across an unexpected *wadi*, we found some enemy troops resting. They were more surprised than we were, for our carriers poured bursts of Bren fire into them, and the job was cleared up before they had time to retaliate.

By this time it was quite dark and chilly after the heat and excitement of the day.

Suddenly there came the sound of a terrific chattering of machine-gun fire from our right and we could distinguish German Spandau, as well as Bren gun, fire. The carriers had found something else, and this time it sounded really big!

Now came the sharp crack of anti-tank guns, and by this time we were all off the trucks and taking up positions.

Then our gunners got to work with astonishing speed and efficiency. The 25-pounders were unlimbered, aimed and fired; then limbered up again in what seemed an impossibly short time. So our lads beat Jerry to it, thanks to our 25-pounders and the skill of our men.

Later we heard that our carriers, still nosing about in search of trouble, had come across a makeshift Jerry landing-ground on which were three Stukas, and shot them up.

Then, to round off the night's work, the carriers returning to the column stumbled into a very strong concentration of enemy lorried infantry, tanks and heavy artillery.

Well, one carrier drove right up to a group of Germans standing by the halted convoy. Sgt. Chapman, covering them with a Tommy-gun, made the one Nazi officer climb aboard. It was as the carrier drove away at full pelt into the darkness that the fun started!

### FRIDAY NIGHT PARADE

*Even bathing while on active service in North Africa may call for ingenuity and patience. L/Cpl. G. Tidmarsh, R.A.S.C., writes to his parents at Norwich:*

Did I tell you of our new bath? It has to be seen to be believed.

You take a forty-gallon oil-drum, cut it down the middle, weld the two open ends together, board round the jagged edges, and there it is!

Alongside it, put another drum full of water with a fire placed cunningly underneath to heat the water. Then, by means of an old hand-pump and a length of hose, pump the hot liquid into the bath.

For a "shower" you take the pump into the bath, and from an upright position start pumping the water into a four-gallon tin perforated with holes and suspended above your head.

It wouldn't do at Acacia Villa, no doubt, but out here we do anything in the cause of cleanliness, health and beauty.

### COALS TO NEWCASTLE!

*Bombay seems a long way to go to see a film, "They Met in Bombay," but it provides an item for a letter from Sign George Claudin to his home at Grampian Crescent, Sandy Hills, Glasgow:*

We have now settled down in Bombay, and to-night I hope to see Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell in "They Met in Bombay." But I'd much sooner see it with you at the local.

Life here is bright and varied—this latter applies particularly to the smells.

In the streets Moslem women, all covered up so that their best friends don't know them, rub shoulders with almost naked natives, who think that water is only meant for sailing boats on.

Of course, life out here is not all going to the pictures and seeing the sights. Still, we might be in a worse place than Bombay, though it does seem a bit far away from home.

### NO TRUMP

*Serving with the Persia and Iran Force, Pte. H. Parkin tells of an interruption to a quiet game of "Nap." He writes to a cousin at Gibfield Lane, Belper, Derby:*

Last night a few of us were sitting round in a ring having a nice game of "Nap," when we heard someone trying to get into our tent.

And that someone sounded pretty clumsy—as if he'd been imbibing too much.

Nobody bothered to look up, but one of the lads shouted: "Come in if tha's comin' in, and gi' o'er messin' about."

The next thing we knew was a goat's head pushing into the family circle, which upset the game and the stakes.

He seemed to be annoyed about something, for he charged around with his head well down. So we grabbed him and, lifting him bodily, threw him out into the night, leaving him to swear at us in his own language.

I've put the cat out at night a few times in my life, but this is the first time I've had to park the goat!

### DEVIL DANCE

*Away in Ceylon, Pte. D. Hughes sees the "Devil Dance" and describes it to his sister at Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury:*

Apparently someone in the village had become possessed of a devil. So the family decided to call in the native witch-doctor, who agreed—for the usual fee—to perform the "Devil Dance" to drive out the devil from the patient.

*Will it frighten the devil out of the patient—or the patient out of his life?*

It all happened in the main street, so my friend and I had a grandstand seat. The dance was weirdly impressive and the sound of the tomtoms and the "singing" was deafening.

There was enough hullabaloo to frighten not only the devil out of the patient, but the patient out of his life.

If I have the misfortune to go slightly "batty," I hope to receive more orthodox treatment.

Two days later, in the same village, we saw a funeral led by a band suspiciously like the band that took part in the "cure." The hearse was followed by mourners on foot. We thought it was the patient the witch doctor had "cured," but we were wrong. For the patient did recover, in spite of the drastic treatment.

## FAMILY FUN

A DISCUSSION arose the other day among a small family on this salvage question.

Mother was quite sure everything had been cleaned out, so was her daughter. Little Tommy wasn't particularly interested; but father had a bright idea and suggested a new game.

"Tell you what," he said, "let Joan and Tommy search through the house again and I'll give a prize for the one who finds most."

The children didn't need a second hint. They were off like a streak, and in a remarkably short space of time each had amassed an appreciable amount of valuable salvage previously overlooked.

It was a neck-and-neck contest, but Tommy just tipped the scales with a "find" of old rubber bands and a pair of discarded bathing shoes.

Why not start a competition among your own family? And if you make the prize a savings stamp, as Tommy's father did, you will be rendering double service to your country.

*Most girls have an Ideal Man as handsome as Richard Greene, seen here with Loretta Young. But most girls, too, change their minds as they grow older*

They have had the same vigilant training in tidiness. But one case is a success, the other a total failure.

I wish you could explain the reason for this difference between sisters, and suggest what is to be done about the younger girl, who makes work all day long. She seems to be unteachable. She either does not see muddle or else she likes it. What kind of housewife will she make if she is allowed to go on like this?

As for the immediate problem of tidiness, some people are only happy when everything is in apple-pie order, while others really enjoy being surrounded by confusion; and because they like it they resist all efforts to change them. The muddler takes twice as long to do a thing as the orderly person, but on the other hand one can be too methodical and make a fetish of neatness.

*It is possible for a woman to be extremely house-proud, but a devastating failure as a home-maker.*

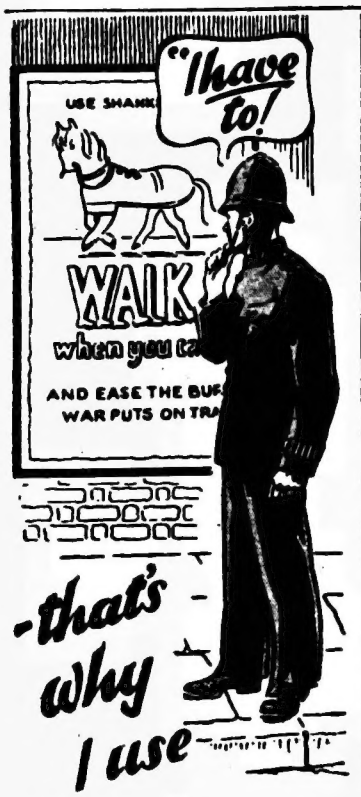
There is just room left for a letter which reached me a few weeks ago.

You suggest that girls should describe the qualities of their ideal man. My ideal man is tall, fair, good-looking, intelligent, and a good conversationalist. He must be broad-minded, fond of music and books, well-mannered, and with plenty of self-confidence. But he must not be aggressive or self-righteous, and he must not try to "rule the roost" as so many men do.

The man I have married is rather short, dark, and by no means good-looking. He cares nothing for books and his taste in music is pretty low. He can't talk cleverly. His social gifts are few.

Yet we are immensely happy together. I would give him full marks both as husband and father. He is thoughtful, reasonable, generous, and, above all else, an excellent companion who instinctively understands.

I am glad now that I did not marry my Greek god ideal. I prefer a man whose virtues are not all displayed in the shop window. My opinion is that when there is so much on show there is very little behind. It takes years for man and wife really to know one another.




**Cherry Blossom Boot Polish**

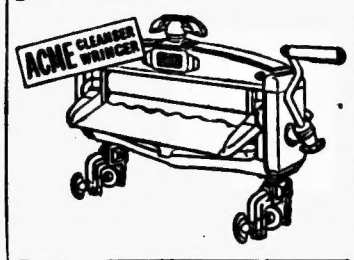
**-IT KEEPS BOOTS AND SHOES FIT FOR WALKING"**

USE SPARINGLY - SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

CB/ZE

**Mrs. Mullins snapped it up...**

She was one of the lucky ones — she found an Acme Wringer in the shop even after war had broken out — when Acme's former employees had switched over to action stations. And don't blame the makers if you can't find an Acme on sale to-day — their craftsmen are busy on more serious work elsewhere. And in the meantime you'll just have to borrow Mrs. Mullins' and wait for the day when Acme will be back again in the shops just as good as ever . . .





# LAST LAUGH

D. K. (Dunstable).—"Many men have returned clothing coupons to the Board of Trade, saying that they do not need them. What do you think of that?" They can't be very married.

F. E. (Putney).—"When walking from one London railway station to another in the black-out I tripped over a sandbag and was rendered unconscious." You met your Waterloo sooner than you expected.

F. K. (Exeter).—"Hitler has a weak throat and gargles frequently." We've heard him on the radio.

G. H. (Guildford).—"The baker's boy delivers the meat." Very appropriate if he brings sausages.

W A (Clacton). — "Coffee was served to an audience at a recent concert because owing to fuel economy the hall was unheated." This should be tried in theatres. It might even keep the critics awake.

E. K. (Lynmouth).—"A parrot, of course, has no idea of the meaning of the words it utters." Many a bird must be puzzled why it is so ruthlessly blacked out in the middle of the afternoon when the vicar comes to tea.

E. R (Rye).—"Mr. Middleton says he had no success with carrots and onions this year." Presumably neither of his next-door neighbours had the temerity to proffer any advice over the garden fence.

W. P. (Preston).—"An American actress has complained that another girl's legs were substituted for her own in a film." She threatens that if this occurs again the real legs will walk out of the studio at a critical moment.

D. V. (Amersham). — "At a recent whist drive the players wore overcoats and mufflers." In these days of economy, bridge has the advantage of being entirely self-heating.

E. W. (Acton).—"The Ministry of Agriculture has called for war to the last rat." And if Goebbels likes to take this as a personal attack, he jolly well can.

E. W. (Exeter). — "As a young man I circled the globe in a windjammer. Now I have retired I write articles in various papers attacking and exposing injustice." So now instead of sailing round the world you sail into it.

S. N. (Victoria).—"It was quite Springlike when I drove through London yesterday." We are never lucky enough to get a taxi like that.

**OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather**

*"I'm just poppin' round to the Bricklayer's Arms, Bill, but that reminds me! They'll be shut time you comes off duty."*

## Side-Slips

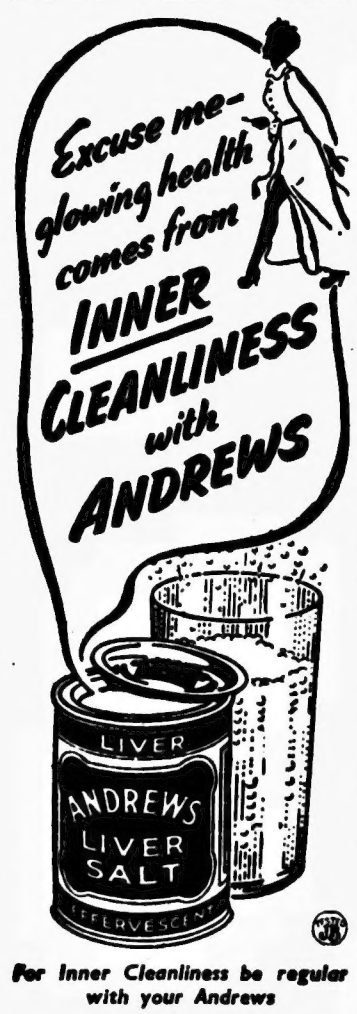
NUNEATON OBSERVER:—"He had left C—— and gone to A ——, leaving his LIFE and child destitute and stranded.'

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"A PEA for guarantees of freedom of speech and the Press after the war was made by. . . ."

EVENING ARGUS:—". . . and to the priority to be accorded to the different TYRES of nurses and midwives."

ST. HELENS AND DISTRICT REPORTER:—"He went to J——, who raised his FISH at him and said: 'Are you calling me a liar?'"

SUNDAY DESPATCH:—"Questions five and six were lost, but they were played BARK at 7.5."




*For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your Andrews*

8 ozs. 2/-. including purchase tax.

(23)



**GOOD**
Fruit and Sugar make good **FOOD**

**BATGER'S 'CHINESE' FIGS**


## GREATEST OF THESE

● Discharged from the Border Regiment medically unfit, Richard Wilkins worked for a time in a coal mine. There he met with an accident for which no compensation could be claimed and was unable to work for some considerable time.

Recently he was employed in a munition factory, but had to give up through illness.

He has a wife and eight children under fourteen years of age, and he is in arrears with rent and payment for furniture.

This applicant is extremely anxious to clear his debts, and with a little cash in hand has a project in view which would enable him to make a small but steady income, and at work which would not overtax his strengtn.

Our readers can help us to look after this ex-Serviceman and his family if they will send donations earmarked "Unfit," which, as well as subscriptions intended for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send us donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

**1st PRIZE £50-'BULLETS' 1.373**

**Miss B. Blackstock, 20, Lady Helen St., Kirkcaldy, Fife, for this "Bullet":—**

**NECESSARY JOURNEY**
**"LEAVE" TO OUR SOLDIERS.**

£20: Dvr. B. H. Bruce, R.A.S.C., Somewhere-in-Britain.
**Thing To Remember—Hearing "Germany's Sunk!"—U-boats.**

£10: J. F. Jackson, 8, Linden Rd., Newport, I.O.W.
**Back To Normal—"The Country Cannot Afford—"**

£5: Mrs. A. Stear, 8, Burgoyne Rd., S. Norwood, S.E.25.
**Act Of A Madman—All Germans "Applauded." Remember!**

£4: J. H. Parr, 23, Copston Grove, Birmingham.
**Nation At War—With Dad—Every Monday!**

£3: W. Freeman, 63, Belgrave Gate, Leicester.
**Bit Of A Shock—For Berlin, No Electricity.**

**"BULLETS" FIRST DOUBLED** Coupon next page

£2: H. Kerry, 1, Coverdale Drive, Knaresborough.
**Man I Pity—Now I'm Sergeant-major. Teacher.**

30s.: B. C. Anderson, 6, Gurney Rd., Northolt, Middx.
**Man I Pity—Lacks "Light"—Heart "Flint."**

20s.: Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 74, Healey Wood Rd., Burnley.
**Bit Of A Relabel—Cook Wanted, For Colander!**

15s.: J. Plummer, Mill Farm, Shelford, Braintree.
**Off To The Dentist's—Wishing "Yanks" Weren't Coming!**

12s.: A. Pruiter, 131a, Ladysmith Rd., Brighton.
**Bit Of A Mystery—Dinner, But "Cleared Up"!**

10s.: W. D. Craig, 23, Surrey Rd., Bournemouth.
**Bit Of A Serium—That's Curate Kissing Auntie!**

A list of 25 Winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

## 7 BIG CHEQUES

**WON IN XWORD 325**

WINNING WORDS: 1. Sneeze. 2. Wit. 3. Bell. 4. Swipe. 5. Bill. 6. Swig. 7. Villein. 8. Thinner. 9. Sign. 10. Tusk. 11. Scotch. 12. Spica. 13. Log. 14. Throat.

£100 SHARERS: Miss E. A. Forrest, Mildura, Bold Lane, Aughton, Lancs; Miss E. Holdsworth, 23, Middleton Rd., Ilkley, Yorks; J. W. Hunter, coupe, 358, Portland Rd., Hove; D. E. Hutchinson, 37, Ligualrl Rd., Belfast; Mrs. M. Jones, 1, Bay Villas, Newtown, Mont.; J. G. Morley, 26, Edmund Cres., Highams Park, E.4; Cpl. T. W. Morris, Somewhere-in-Britain.

Runners-up Awards value £25 shared between 58 entrants. In addition 4-lb. Fruit Cake goes to each winner of prize value 10s. or over.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT WARTIME BOOK OFFER TO READERS!

# THE MODERN STANDARD DICTIONARY

768 PAGES
600,000 WORDS
50,000 REFERENCES
NEARLY 400 ILLUSTRATIONS

THIS GREAT WORK IS A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOME

*The Work includes Special Sections on:—*

1. EASY-TO-FOLLOW SCHEME OF PRONUNCIATION.
2. PRONUNCIATION OF DIFFICULT NAMES MADE EASY.
3. COMMON ABBREVIATIONS.
4. FAMILIAR FOREIGN WORDS AND PHRASES TRANSLATED.
5. PREFIXES AND SUFFIXES, ETC.
6. STANDARDS OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES, ETC.
7. HINTS ON PRONUNCIATION. MODES OF ADDRESS.
8. FIGURES OF SPEECH.
9. GARDENER'S CALENDAR.

"John Bull" offers every reader a reference work which provides a wealth of information for home or business. Men, women, and children need it every day as a guide in conversation, reading, work, or education. "THE MODERN STANDARD DICTIONARY" is a miracle of completeness—50,000 references defined and illustrated in detail in 600,000 words and nearly 400 illustrations. 768 pages. Derivation, definition, spelling, and pronunciation—all are there to help you when confronted with something you are not sure about.

You must HURRY, however. Owing to wartime restrictions the Edition is strictly limited and you should make sure of your copy by completing and posting the Order-Label at once, together with remittance.

**STANDARD EDITION** bound in bright Blue Artcloth, with design embossed on cover and spine, and title embossed in Gold, send only 5s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

**DE LUXE EDITION** bound in rich Red Leather-grained cloth, with embossed design, and title embossed in real Gold, send only 6s. 6d., which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

**DO THIS NOW!** Fill in Order-Label. Indicate Edition required and post with Postal Order for the correct amount according to edition required to: **Odhams Press Ltd., "Modern Standard Dictionary," Book Dept. J.B. 1, Kings Langley, Herts.** Make P.O. payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross | & Co. |. *If from N. Ireland or Eire, country MUST be stated clearly on the label.*

Hurry Post Today!

**BOOKS WITH CARE** Carriage Paid Home

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... County .....

*If undelivered return to Book Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., Kings Langley, Herts.*

STANDARD EDITION 5/6
DE LUXE EDITION 6/6
Strike out Edition NOT Required.
J.C.1. 22/5/43
M.S.D.



HOW YESTAMIN HELPS—

# DIGESTION and NUTRITION

One of Yestamin's many functions is to break down other food components—such as Starch, Sugar and Fats—into simpler elements, so that they are easily digested and properly assimilated. Thus, besides being a most valuable tonic food in itself, it also compels your ordinary meals to do you far more good than they otherwise would. Yestamin is pure, highly concentrated Yeast—and Yeast is the richest known source of the vitamins of the B group and provides the necessary digestive juices (or enzymes) which tone up and regulate the stomach and so strengthen the Nerves. Yestamin—*entirely free from drugs*, benefits strong and weak alike, from the very young to the very old. It banishes Fatigue and Depression, builds up a stout and growing resistance to common infections—and costs only a penny a day. Start on Yestamin NOW.

OF ALL CHEMISTS

YESTAMIN VITAMIN YEAST TABLETS

THE ENGLISH GRAINS CO. LTD. BURTON-ON-TRENT



# £500 EXTRA CASH for XWORDS!

Start NOW in "John Bull's" great, big £500 Record Tournament—by simply competing for this week's £100 First Prize and Consolation Awards value £25. If by Xword 325 you have won a prize of any kind (First or Runner-up in ANY TWO CONSECUTIVE CONTESTS, you automatically share EXTRA £500 CASH with any other Competitors who have similarly qualified in the course of Tournament.

FIRST PRIZE £100 £75

ENTER on COUPON BELOW

Xword No. 325 Result Page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot

| CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in every column. | 5p Entry-fee for 1 Col. | | | | | | 5p | 5p | 5p |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 HAS BEEN KNOWN TO MAKE TEACHER JUMP TO HIS FEET | | | T | A | | K | | | |
| 2 WON'T LIVE VERY LONG WITHOUT WATER | S | P | R | A | | | | | |
| 3 FALLEN ONE WILL AFFORD A SOLDIER SOME PROTECTION | | | H | O | | S | E | | |
| 4 SOME PEOPLE'S PLAYING OF PIANO IS ALL | T | H | U | M | | S | | | |
| 5 IT'S USUALLY BETTER FOR A LAD TO STICK TO HIS OWN | | L | A | S | | | | | |
| 6 SEVERE WINTER INCREASES THIS IN GARDEN | | | T | O | | L | | | |
| 7 IT'S COMMON FOR HOME GUARD TO COME HOME WITH THINGS ALL THIS | M | U | D | D | | L | E | D | |
| 8 IS APT TO SPREAD | | | R | O | | T | | | |
| 9 A MAN HATES TO BE CAUGHT IN HEAVY THIS WHILST AT WORK | S | L | E | E | | | | | |
| 10 HARD ONE CAN BE ANNOYING AND IRRITATING | | | | S | | A | P | | |
| 11 IS COMMONLY EMOTIONAL | D | R | E | A | | | | | |
| 12 IT'S ONLY NATURAL FOR ACTOR TO BE PROUD OF HIS | | | | P | A | | T | | |
| 13 MAY BE GRACEFUL IN MOVEMENT | S | W | A | N | | | | | |
| 14 FARMER WHO PAYS NO ATTENTION TO THESE WILL EXPECT TROUBLE | | | | A | C | | E | S | |

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated June 12.

P.O. Value ..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, MAY 31.

Signed .....

Address .....

329

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest, or one share of Tournament £500, allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charges and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest, to appear in "John Bull" dated June 19, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.



# DOUBLED 'Bullets' First—and 500 EXTRA PRIZES!

£250 £100 FOR 2, 3 or 4 WORDS

OTHER AWARDS £20 £10 £5 4 3 2 1 1 1 1 1

25 BIG 4lb. FRUIT CAKES

THIS WAY TO £100 SUCCESS

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, June 11.

AFTER HITLER
JOB WE'RE DOING
THIRSTING FOR REVENGE
FREEDOM FROM WANT
TO END THE CHAOS
IF NECESSARY
HOME WE DREAM OF
PLANNING BIG
FARM-HAND PHYLLIS
ONE OF LIFE'S TRAGEDIES
MY ALARM-CLOCK

BULLETS 1,373 RESULT appears on page 14.

KINDLY NEIGHBOUR
NOT HAVING ANY
ON AUNTIE'S ALLOTMENT
LESSON WE'VE LEARNT
OUR FISHMONGER
FRUITS OF PERSEVERANCE
DAD'S OLD SUIT
NOT FORGETTING
IT'S RISSOLES FOR DINNER, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullets" as usual.

MAKES LIFE A .....
USE YOUR .....AND
ROUND AT THE .....
TURNED TO .....
KEEPS ..... GUESSING
END OF THE .....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated June 12.

P.O. Value .....
No. ..... Closing Postmark, 1,377 Monday, May 31
Signed .....
Address .....

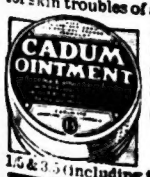
CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,377—or Xword No. 329, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).



# MARCH AT EASE
## —your feet soothed by this wonderful ointment!

If you suffer agonies with your feet on long walks or marches, you need the relief Cadum can give you. This soothing, wonder-healing ointment stops the burning pain and irritation the moment it is applied, and then starts its wonderful work of healing. Thousands of people testify to the amazing powers of Cadum for skin troubles of all kinds. So you need no longer endure hours and days of agony from hot, painful feet—just ask for CADUM the wonder-healing ointment.




1/5 & 3/5 (including tax) from all chemists



# FALSE TEETH
## and comfort with confidence

A denture which, owing to gum shrinkage, no longer fits perfectly, is painful and embarrassing. To restore comfort with confidence, Dentists recommend KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, prepared specifically *to make false teeth fit firmly*. Sprinkled evenly but sparingly on the contact surface of the plate, KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE will hold it in position for many hours. From all Chemists in 1/3d Sprinkler tins for pocket or handbag; also in the large 'Economy' size, 3/3d.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

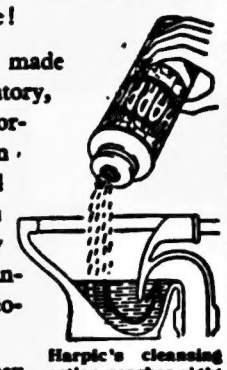
Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.



# How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible.

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!




Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough action removes all discoloration—effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use—a real boon to the housewife.

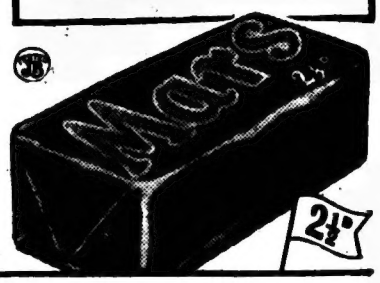
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see, as well.

HARPIC

## THE STUFF TO GIVE THE TROOPS !

In fact, it's the stuff to give everybody who needs energy — quickly. Mars (as the chart shows) is richer in energy than many staple foods. Made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, separated milk to nourish — these chunky candy bars are simply packed with grand-tasting goodness. Make the most of their delicious satisfaction — by cutting each bar into slices.

| COMPARE THE ENERGY VALUES! | |
|---|---|
| FOOD | CALORIES (for energy) |
| 1 glass of Milk | 169 |
| 1 Egg | 70 |
| 1 slice of Bread | 100 |
| 1 Lamb Chop | 178 |
| 1 MARS | 213 |



## "You won't mind hard work"

But when you feel tired, out of sorts, as people are apt to do *when needing a laxative*, work goes against the grain. That's the time you need Beecham's Pills. They are the perfect laxative, gentle, natural, effective, reliable.

**Beecham's Pills**

Sold Everywhere.

Boxes 1/4 & 3/3 (*Including Purchase Tax*)
Also in PENNYWORTHS.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

# End that Mealtime Misery

Do you find you cannot eat a thing without painful after-effects? That is because acid turns your food into an indigestible mass. Your digestive system has to struggle with every mouthful. Take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets and you'll have no more mealtime misery.

These Tablets relieve acidity at once. They sweeten and soothe the stomach. They keep food digestible. No after-meal discomfort. Your indigestion has vanished. And it won't trouble you again if you take 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They never fail. Prove it with your next meal. Take the Tablets and save yourself another attack. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets to-day. Always keep a bottle handy.

**'MILK OF MAGNESIA'** BRAND (Regd) **TABLETS**

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

# HERCULES
## CYCLES
## IN PEACE AND WAR

The famous Black Watch Regiment on parade with their Hercules Bicycles.

The Hercules Cycle and Motor Co., Ltd. . . Aston . . Birmingham

Though there's "austerity" in the design of to-day's Lybro Utility Overalls, there's plenty of good workmanship too. That's why Lybro is so sought after—and sometimes we're sorry to say, hard to obtain.

**LYBRO** UTILITY **OVERALLS**

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

## BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride EASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

**PERRY** COASTER **BRAKE HUB**

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

Please apply to your dealer or factor.

*for natural pedalling*

# QUICKEST SAFEST RELIEF *from* PAIN

Nerves always repay a little consideration. Constant pain drives them to desperation — and exhaustion. Concentration wearies them. But two tablets of Phensic will soothe the most irritable bundle of nerves and turn you into someone ready to laugh — and carry on! Try Phensic if you are subject to neuritis, lumbago, sciatica, toothache (neuralgia), rheumatic pain, or any kind of nerve strain or pain. 1/4 and 3/3 *including Purchase Tax.*

**Phensic**

GOES BUT HARM THE HEART


Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.